

The Sketch

No. 1057.—Vol. LXXXII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1913.

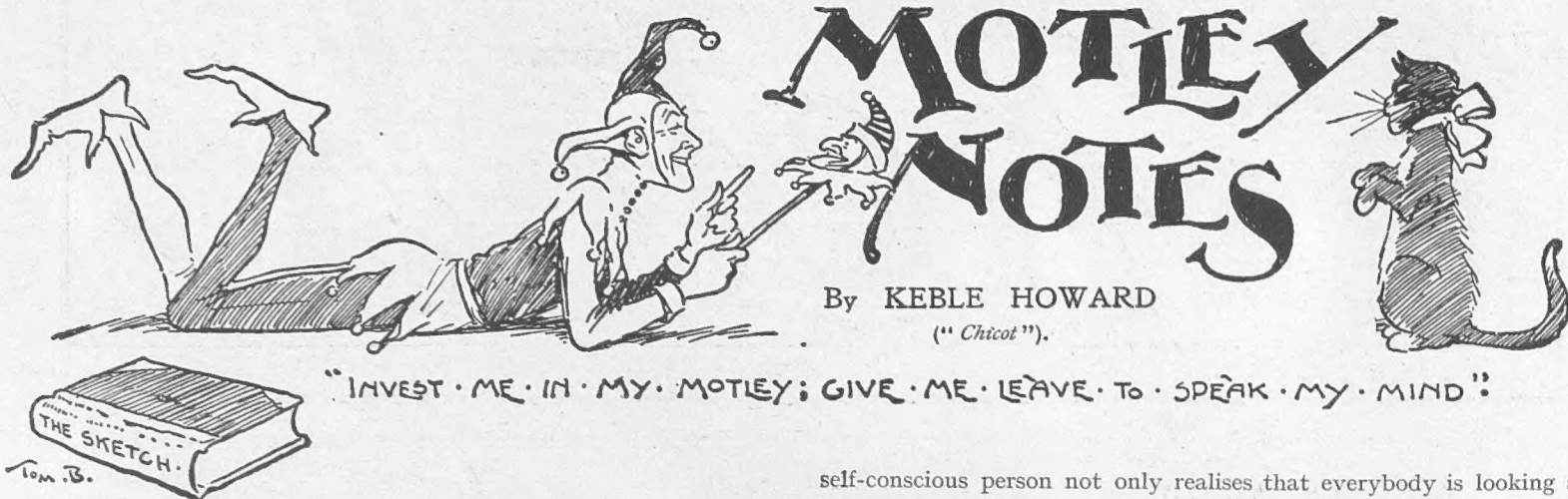
SIXPENCE.



*Not
Confirmation
dress.*

SIXTEEN LAST WEEK; AND SHOWN HERE IN HER CONFIRMATION DRESS: PRINCESS MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN, WHO WAS BORN ON APRIL 25, 1897.

Princess Mary, of whom this is the first published photograph showing her in the dress in which she was confirmed recently in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, celebrated her sixteenth birthday on Friday of last week, April 25. Naturally enough, she was the recipient of many good wishes and many gifts. In the afternoon she gave a tea-party to between thirty and forty of her friends and cut her birthday-cake.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]



The Supreme Egotist.

In the course of some interesting notes on Box Hill in the "Office Window" of the *Daily Chronicle*, I find this little story—

"Another famous inhabitant was Major Labellière, a Dorking recluse, who, at his own request, was, in 1800, buried on Box Hill head downwards, in order that, 'as the world was turned topsy-turvy,' he might be right on the Last Day."

Here, surely, we have the supreme egotist. We all know that there are certain men who like to stand on their heads during their lifetime. From their point of view, there is a good deal to be said for the hobby: "A man standing on his head attracts attention far more easily than a man standing on his feet. The world may present a queer appearance to him personally, but that does not matter. The important thing, to him, is that he presents a queer appearance to the world. There are always a number of people, in all ages, who want to present a queer appearance to the world. To put it in the parlance of the Strand, they like to get a crowd round. They hate the lonely life, the life of isolation. This trick of standing on the head during life, therefore, is a sociable trick, and one that may, on that score, be commended."

But there is no such excuse for Major Labellière. He was content to stand on his head until the Last Day in order that he might be right side up when he rose again. He knew perfectly well that everybody else would be wrong side up, but he did not care.

Eccentricity in Dress.

The subject of eccentricity in dress, again, is as fascinating as it is puzzling. What is the motive that drives people to eccentricity in dress. Is it vanity? Yet how can that be, when the queerly dressed person excites more ridicule than anything else. He may, of course, assure himself, in his vanity, that the people who are laughing at him are merely proving themselves ignorant fools, but I fancy that such inward assurances do not go very far. Your vain person wants to attract attention, but it is admiration he wants, not ridicule. Eccentricity in dress, therefore, cannot be ascribed to vanity.

Women, heaven knows, are eccentric enough, sometimes, in their dress, but this is not vanity. "Eccentric," of course, is hardly the right word, since they are all dressed in the same preposterous way at the same time. I suppose the real reason why a woman will put on anything that happens to be in the fashion, no matter how silly she looks in it, is to be found in a sort of snobbishness. She will not have it thought that she is ignorant of the latest fashion, in the first place, or that she cannot afford the latest fashion, in the second place.

But men, when they are grown up, are not like that. The eccentric man is a genuine eccentric inasmuch as he cultivates some sort of appearance that has nothing in keeping with fashion. We have agreed that he is not vain. You may tell me that he is utterly lacking in self-consciousness, but that is not true. Your eccentric man is always fearfully self-conscious. I confess that the problem baffles me.

On Self-Consciousness.

I have said that the eccentric man is always fearfully self-conscious. I will endeavour to explain why, in my opinion, he is self-conscious, and how you can put the theory to the test. We are all, of course, to a certain extent, self-conscious. There is not a man living who can appear on a platform in front of a crowded audience without realising that everybody in that hall can see him. When he stands up to speak, he knows perfectly well that everybody is looking at him. That is normal self-consciousness. The abnormally

self-conscious person not only realises that everybody is looking at him, but he so exaggerates the conspicuousness of his position as to believe that everybody is looking him over from top to toe, and attempting to find fault with his hair, or his collar, or his boots. He lacks, you see, a sense of proportion, which is only another term for a sense of humour.

Now, the eccentric man also lacks a sense of proportion. People who lack the same essential quality are pretty much alike, and it therefore follows that the eccentric man, lacking a sense of proportion, which is a sense of humour, will be abnormally self-conscious.

You can put this to the test by watching any person of eccentric garb in the street. The normal person, as he walks along, looks at the people he meets. He scarcely realises that he, too, is being looked at. His interest in his fellow-man overcomes his normal self-consciousness. But the eccentric in dress looks at nobody. He marches straight on, knowing quite well that he is attracting attention. Watch, and you will see.

Shyness in Men.

Men are much shyer than women; that is to say, they are more self-conscious. There used to be an old axiom to the effect that women had no sense of humour. That was only a half-truth. In some matters, of course, men have more sense of proportion than women, but in all superficial matters women have more sense of proportion than men. A man and a woman, for example, arrive at the entrance to a crowded restaurant. The man suddenly funks the business of walking through the staring crowd. There is no reason why he should. He looks just like all the other men—or half the other men. If the woman allowed it, he would turn tail and go to some half-empty place where the food was notoriously vile. But the woman sees the absurdity of this suggestion. "What nonsense!" she says. "Don't be so ridiculous! They won't eat you! We must have dinner! I'm going in! Come along!" And the man follows. Having come to anchor at his table, he quickly perceives that the woman was right. He had exaggerated the terrors of the journey because he lacked a sense of proportion.

I have known men, on being elected to a club, deny themselves the privilege of using the club for months after their election because they were afraid to face the inquiring stare of the hall-porter, and the waiters, and the members. Would any woman do that? Certainly not. "I have paid my entrance-fee and my subscription," she would say, "and I jolly well mean to get something for my money." And, mark you, she would see that she got something for her money.

Women's Clubs.

As I wrote that last sentence, I wondered what she would get for her money. Not good food, for the food in women's clubs, as a rule, is shockingly bad. The members of a club are responsible, in the end, for the conduct of a club, and the food in women's clubs is bad because women don't care much what they eat.

She would get prettily decorated rooms, with a lot of chairs that looked tempting but proved to be utterly lacking in comfort. She would get an obsequious hall-porter, and obsequious waiters, and an obsequious lift-man. The servants in women's clubs are always obsequious because most women have never yet grasped the fact that it is dishonourable to your fellow-members to tip a club servant.

She would get a place to which she could invite unsuspecting young men, who had not yet learnt what a meal in a women's club is like.

What she would not get—mind you, I do not include *all* women's clubs—is a place where she could be certain of finding a real pal.

QUEEN OR DUCHESS? THE FUTURE WIFE OF KING MANUEL.



1. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM TO BE, WITH KING MANUEL'S FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW: KING MANUEL, PRINCESS AUGUSTINE VICTORIA OF HOHENZOLLERN, AND PRINCE WILLIAM OF HOHENZOLLERN.

2. ENGAGED TO PRINCESS AUGUSTINE VICTORIA OF HOHENZOLLERN: KING MANUEL.

3. ENGAGED TO KING MANUEL: PRINCESS AUGUSTINE VICTORIA OF HOHENZOLLERN.

The betrothal is announced of King Manuel (whose reign in Portugal ended by the setting-up of the Republic in October 1910) and Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern, only daughter of Prince William, head of the non-reigning line of Hohenzollern. King Manuel was born on Nov. 15, 1889, and succeeded his father, after the assassination of that Sovereign and of the Crown Prince, on Feb. 1, 1908. Princess Augustine was born on Aug. 19, 1890. As King Manuel is without a throne, there is, of course, the question of the bride-elect's future title to be considered. It is suggested that she will be known as her Royal Highness the Duchess of Saxony; but it is possible that she may be styled Queen Augustine Victoria.—[Photographs by C.N. and Bieber.]

THIS IS THE WAY! HOW TO SING



THE VERY THING: LEW HEARN EXPRESSIONS IN

Mr. Lew Hearn, who is making so great a hit in "Hullo, Ragtime!" at the London Hippodrome.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch."

"HITCHY-KOO" AS IT SHOULD BE SUNG!



THE RAGTIME SONG EVERYBODY'S HUMMING NOW.

As here seen singing that ever-present rag-time song, "Hitchy-Koo"—with appropriate expressions.

Sketch by Foulsham and Banfield.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.

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HERBERT TREE.

MATHESON LANG, PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY,

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DIEPPE - - - -	15	32 0	25 0	*20 0 A
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

AT the Royalty Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker's special Tuesday and Friday matinées are always interesting, and their latest programme is no exception to the rule. They give us Mr. Rudyard Kipling making his début as a dramatist; and as there are probably few who are not worshippers of Kipling, there must be many who will be glad to welcome his heroes upon the stage. It is a simple thing, the story of "The Harbour Watch": a tale of a girl who would not wed a villainous moneylender, and of a gallant sailor, and a genial but drunken marine, who got her out of the scoundrel's clutches. But for the marine, who is the famous serio-comic Edward Glass, there would not be much in it; but he is an attractive fellow with a pretty wit, and Mr. G. F. Tully's playing of him is a triumphant performance that deserves the enthusiastic applause which it gets. After Kipling, there comes "Thompson," a brilliant farce which St. John Hankin left unfinished, and Mr. George Calderon has completed. It bears signs that either the late author or Mr. Calderon felt unable to keep up the pressure of the first act and a half. It has hardly substance enough for its three acts. But its quiet, unforced wit and its subtle paradox are a pure delight; and it is long since Miss Lottie Venne has been seen to such advantage. Delightful, too, are Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Athene Seyler, so that, even apart from the fact that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is making his first appearance, these matinées afford an opportunity for an afternoon's enjoyment which ought not to be missed.

The Cosmopolis Theatre, an energetic institution close to the Holborn Town Hall, presented a new play, called "A Hind Let Loose," which had a peculiar interest to some of the audience by reason of the fact that its author is a dramatic critic, and one of the cleverest in the country. As happens not rarely in such cases, the work, though it shows considerable talent, has obvious faults—in particular, the fault of unnatural speech. Yet to the journalist, at least, it is very entertaining, for, in a rather cruel way, Mr. C. E. Montague discloses many secrets of the craft. Indeed, the writer is half-inclined to be angry when one of the craft shows how the game can be played improperly; how, for instance, an unscrupulous, audacious critic converted a notice upon a concert which he had heard into a criticism upon a collection of pictures that he had not seen. Some talent for character-drawing is exhibited, and it is to be hoped that the author will try again, but in his next venture will not hamper himself by making an adaptation instead of an entirely original work. The best feature of the acting was a charming performance by Miss Ellen O'Malley.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Temptation of Tavernake. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s.	Souls in Pawn. Lindsay Russell. 6s.
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The Icknield Way. Edward Thomas. 7s. 6d. net.	LONGMANS, GREEN.
A Friendly Germany: Why Not? Lady Phillips. 2s. 6d. net.	Royal Spades Auction Bridge. "Bascule." 3s. net.
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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PORTUGAL'S BRIDE: FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL: CORNWALL'S FISHERIES: THE INSECT CONTINENT.

A New Queen.

The betrothal of King Manuel to the Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern will set many Portuguese brains and many German brains thinking of the possible effect this marriage may have on the trend of events in Portugal, and especially in the Portuguese colonies. That the Princess is a year younger than the King, and that she is of the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollerns make the match as a love one entirely suitable; and should the young King ever come to his own again, the Portuguese would be very proud that their Queen could claim to be a cousin of the Kaiser. Sooner or later the Portuguese colonies in Africa will be taken in hand by Germany and England without disturbing the Portuguese sovereignty—each of the two great countries organising the commerce and dealing with the resources of the Portuguese territory which falls within its sphere of influence. It may be that this will happen under a Republic; and if King Manuel is to sit once again on his throne in Lisbon, his restoration will be brought about not by peasants fighting in the northern mountains of Portugal, but by quiet gentlemen sitting round a mahogany table, either in London or Berlin.

Football "Fans."

London, this spring, caught the football fever to an extent that is unusual, for when the men with cloth caps, wearing pink-and-white or claret-and-blue favours, took possession of London, it was not only the visitors who were excited as to whether the Villa or Sunderland was to win the Cup, but Londoners snatched papers from the newsboys to see how the fight was going, and in the clubs men stood by the tape machines to read what was happening at the Palace, just as they do when war news is expected to come over the wires. Over in the United States, the baseball enthusiasts, who are called "fans," as short for fanatics, are beginning their orgy of delight in watching the games just when our "fans" have lost the interest that draws them in tens of thousands to the football fields. The most popular thing that the new President of the United States, Dr. Wilson, has as yet done was to be present at the first baseball match of the season at Washington, and to throw from his place in the grand stand the ball to the "pitcher," Walter Johnson, as a sign that play was to commence. Men remember that "Tom" Wilson was a fine baseball-player in his college days, and he has retained all his old enthusiasm for the game.

The Cornish Fishermen.

Somewhere I read that two thousand young Cornishmen of the seaside towns emigrated last year to Canada, and the appeal of a committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to inquire into the hard case of the Devon and Cornish fishermen

explains the reason why. Never before in a Blue Book has such a picture of desolation been drawn as the account the Committee gives of the visit of its members on a Sunday afternoon to Lelant, where the St. Ives boats are laid up rotting at their moorings. Canada is starting a great fishing industry on her west coast, and wants the best emigrants she can get from amongst the men who get their living by the sea; but England wants them also, and she has her fighting fleet to man as well as her fishing fleets. That the Government will accede to the request of the Committee for capital to start credit banks, and to experiment in placing motor power in the boats, is a foregone conclusion, and those of us who have met the "Sea Salts" at Newlyn and Porthleven and St. Ives will hope that a measure of prosperity will come again to these fine fellows.



RAGTIME IN AFRICA! A STROLLING—AND CAPERING—PLAYER IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

Photograph by Penney.

Exit the African Locust.

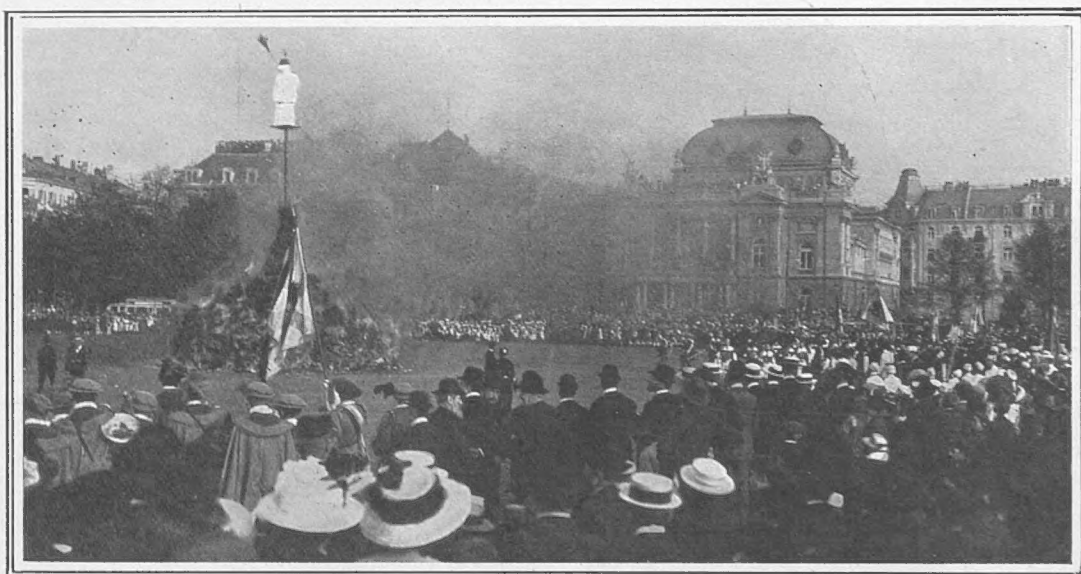
Africa is the continent of insect pests, and those who knew South Africa before it was all in British hands will wonder to hear that the only locusts now to be found in that country are those in the museums. The locust flight as I have seen it in old days in the Orange Free State was a terrible visitation. The cloud which came up out of a clear sky and darkened all the air, the rattle of the wings and the smell that came with the unclean flying things, the darkness, and then the gradual passing of the insect storm, having on its way eaten up every green thing that was in its path, formed an experience that left an indelible memory. I have seen locust storms in India, but they did not make such an absolute sweep of everything eatable as the South African locusts did. The method by which the locusts have been killed off is by marking down the places where the flights have buried their eggs, and surrounding the spots with a ring of poisonous grass which has been sprayed with arsenic. When the young locusts

come to the surface they are ringed in by poison which they cannot pass, and are killed off by millions.

The Tsetse Fly.

The tsetse fly, which was another terrible plague in South Africa as I knew it, is also being driven out of its last fastnesses. There used to be great belts of country through which it was almost impossible to take horses or oxen, for in those belts the tsetse fly swarmed. If a horse was bitten by the fly and recovered it was said to be "salted," and so

immune from the poison, and these horses, mostly owned by Boer hunters, fetched very large prices on the rare occasions when they came into the market. A donkey was the animal that was the least subject to the bites, and a hunting party always took several of the useful "Neddies" when trekking into the game country. I fancy that it is in stamping out Sleeping Sickness that successful war has been made on the tsetse.



BURNING WINTER—IN THE FORM OF A COTTON-WOOL SNOWMAN: A CURIOUS FÊTE AT ZURICH.

A correspondent writes: "The above photograph illustrates the Burning of Winter, a curious fête which takes place at Zurich on April 16 every year. The day is regarded as a general holiday, and after witnessing a series of carnival processions, the citizens wend their way towards the Stadthausplatz—one of the principal squares of the city, where 'Winter,' a 'snow-man' made of cotton-wool, and known as the 'Boggen,' is burnt."—[Photograph by Davy.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY—FOR HER DEVOTION IN NURSING HER LITTLE SON AFTER HIS HUNTING ACCIDENT.



MR. W. J. BRYAN — FOR GIVING A STRICTLY TEE-TOTAL DINNER THE OTHER DAY TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.



MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY—FOR BEING ABLE TO ENJOY A CHOP AT THE "INN OF TRANQUILITY" WITHOUT REMORSE.



MR. UPTON SINCLAIR—FOR GIVING MATRIMONY ANOTHER CHANCE AND TAKING A SECOND "LEGALISED SLAVE."



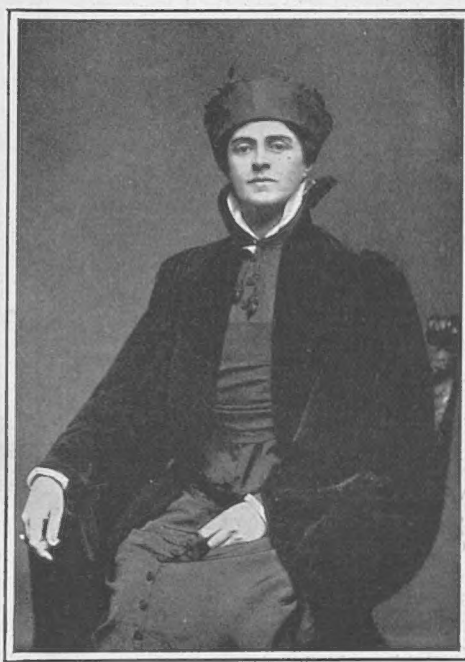
MRS. ALICE COPLEY THAW — FOR BEING AN EX-COUNTESS AND MARRYING A BOSTON BANKER AND BROKER.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD—FOR DEFYING THE TAX-GATHERER AND BEING DISTRAINED OF A SILVER CUP.



PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK (SON OF PRINCE WALDEMAR AND NEPHEW OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA)—FOR SHOWING HIS BROTHER AIRMEN HOW TO STEP GRACEFULLY OUT, UNHURT, FROM A WRECKED AEROPLANE.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT—FOR BELIEVING (PRESUMABLY) THAT THE FRANCHISE "BLESSETH HIM THAT GIVES AND HER THAT TAKES."



MR. JUSTICE ELDON BANKES — FOR SUGGESTING THE ROUND-THE-WORLD MAL-DE-MER CURE FOR MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.



SIR ROBERT TURNBULL—FOR BEING KNIGHTED BY THE KING IN SPITE OF "TAKING HIM ON TO CREWE."



M. GILBERT—FOR MAKING A RECORD NON-STOP FLIGHT OF 534 MILES FROM PARIS TO VITTORIA.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—FOR BEING ASKED TO PRAY FOR CHINA, AND FOR INSTITUTING "CHINA SUNDAY."

The Countess of Dudley, speaking at a church bazaar recently, said that was the first time she had left her son Roderick (aged eleven) since his accident in the hunting-field seventeen days before. All that time he had been unconscious, but the doctors believed he was recovering.—Mr. W. J. Bryan, the United States Secretary, gave a teetotal dinner the other day to the British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, a proceeding which has aroused much comment in America. The new Cabinet has been dubbed "The Blue Ribbon Government" owing to the number of abstainers it contains.—Mr. John Galsworthy's articles in the "Daily Mail" on humane methods in the slaughter-house have led the Croydon County Council to make such methods compulsory in their district.—Mr. Upton Sinclair, the novelist, who once denounced matrimony as a "legalised form of slavery," has just married again, his bride being Miss Mary Craig Kimbrough. Mr. Sinclair, it may be recalled, divorced his first wife.—Mrs. Alice Copley Thaw, sister of Mr. Harry Thaw, married the Earl of Yarmouth (who is now the Marquess of Hertford) in 1903. The marriage was annulled on her petition in 1908, and she has since lived in America under her maiden name. The other day she married Mr. G. W. Whitney, a banker and broker, of Boston.—The Duchess of Bedford having refused to pay taxes for Prince's Skating Rink, as a Suffrage protest, distraint was levied upon her and a silver cup was taken to cover the sum claimed.—Prince Axel of Denmark, who is an expert airman, escaped unhurt from the wreck of his aeroplane after a collision with a barrier at Copenhagen.—Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson), who is President of the Actresses' Franchise League, is to speak at the mass meeting at Drury Lane on May 2, on behalf of woman's suffrage.—In sentencing two Suffragettes who had damaged pictures at the Manchester Art Gallery, Mr. Justice Eldon Banks said to one of them, "If the law would allow me I would send you round the world on a sailing ship."—Sir Robert Turnbull, Superintendent of the Line of the London and North Western, was knighted by the King at Crewe after their Majesties had visited the L. and N.W.R. works.—M. Gilbert, the Frenchman, flew on April 25 from Paris to Vittoria, in Spain—534 miles—without a stop, in 8½ hours. After two hours' rest, he flew for another 155 miles to Medina del Campo, a total of 689 miles in less than eleven hours.—The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson) promptly acceded to the request of the Chinese Government for Christian prayers. He spoke in Convocation of "the enormous significance of this unparalleled action."

Photographs by Rita Martin, Underwood and Underwood, Mendelssohn, Connell, Langfrier, E.N.A. Caswall Smith, Russell, Elliott and Fry, and Topical.

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BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

FOR SALE.



MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S NEW PLAY: MISS WISH WYNNE AS JANET CANNOT AND MR. HENRY AINLEY AS ILAM CARVE, AT THE KINGSWAY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

CRIMINALS and caricaturists are always dragging Mr. Justice Darling before the public. The man in the dock makes both himself and his judge conspicuous; but at the moment it is Mr. Max Beerbohm, the licensed libeller, who draws attention to the small, unobtrusive figure under a wig. In the cartoon—already famous—Mr. Justice Darling is shown in the act of passing the black cap to an usher, with, "Oh, and get some bells sewn on this cap, will you?"

Light Sentences. Mr. Justice Darling has, in very fact, jested about the black cap. Probably "Max," having the neat notion, fitted it to his victim without being actually aware of certain light sentences in the first of Sir Charles's published books. "The right to give judgment of death is—like riches, and all else that we value highly—conceded to few," is one of them, and characteristic enough of the strain of humour in which he deals with the question of capital punishment. But in fairness let it be said that Sir Charles, when he delivered those light sentences, was not yet a Judge. I do not believe he has ever spoken of the "advantages" of administering the extreme penalty since he took his place on the bench.

Asterisks. My copy of "Scintillæ Juris" is the first edition, published in the eighteen-seventies. On the title-page the authorship is thus indicated—

BY
*****S *****N *****G

Times have changed, Charles John Darling no longer covers his tracks with asterisks. New editions of the little book carry his name; as does also "On the Oxford Circuit, and Other Verses." His jest is now in open court; if he forgot it there would be as much "to-do" as if he forgot his wig: the Clerk, being chilly, would first look for a draught, and then, observing the real cause of his discomfort, set about creating the occasions for jokes.

My British home demands decorum. There Landseer's pensive puppies please,

Or Turner's *Liber Studiorum*—wrote Sir Charles in a set of verses explaining why he, as a print-collector, neglected to buy French engravings. The decorum of a British court is severer than that of the British home; and jest, whether Sir Charles enjoys it or not, is one of the formalities that must never be neglected. In the smoking-room at Prince's Gardens and elsewhere Landseer's puppies are inevitable; and so, in the King's Bench Division, are the jests. Both puppies and jests have a snarl in their composition.

Back Numbers. Years ago Sir Charles spent many hours in an untidy office in Northumberland Street. He may remember the two chairs, the single ink-pot, and the scratching of his companion's pen. There were no tidy brief-boxes, no tidy clerks, in that office; but untidy printers' boys waited at the door for copy. And the copy produced by Mr. Darling, Q.C., as he then was, was as good as any man's. He had fallen in with a brilliant but insufficient staff;—Cust was just setting the *Pall Mall*

into its stride, and often a "leader" needed writing when there was no leader-writer on the premises. Mr. Darling obliged! Nobody, outside the office, knew then, and nobody knows now, the things he wrote; but the back numbers of the "*P.M.G.*" contain, for him at least, the evidence of one of the more amusing episodes that have befallen him in the Street of Adventure.

The Scene.

For nine years Sir Charles was in the House; he is one of the few Conservative Members who have contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*, and taken Liberal

fees (of a guinea, or less) for verses in that paper. The Commons did not much enlarge the field of his enterprises. Even taken geographically, Westminster did little to draw him away from the real scene of his existence. His line of life has stretched from Chambers to Court, from a newspaper office in Fleet Street to a law office off the Strand; from a printseller's in Pall Mall to the Carlton, or the Athenæum, or the Burlington Fine Arts Club. His Western limit is 18, Prince's Gardens; his Eastern, Temple Bar.

Judging by Appearances.

He is less inclined to break the bounds than most of his brothers. He goes less to the golf courses than they, and though he is a better French scholar than your average Judge, with many friends among those who practise the four arts in Paris, seldom goes abroad. Hunting used often to carry him across English fields, the sort of country he loves best to travel or to paint. He stands so often at his easel that sometimes he forgets he is devoted to another stationary calling—the angler's. Perhaps if he judged himself, as he has often to judge others, by appearances, he would do none of these things: like his friend Coquelin, he has the look of a jockey rather than of an artist.

The Chief.

Sometimes he wanders into Christie's; sometimes he seeks the shelter of the New Forest. Within a narrow circle he does a multitude of the things that make for worldly wisdom. In manner, outlook, and all his convictions, he is essentially a man of the world, and more so than many who go round it once a year. It is in this capacity that he is vastly respected by his brethren of the Bench. In court they are equals, but strip them of their robes and send them forth to fend for themselves among the

whirl of affairs, and there is no doubt as to which among them would be the chief.

"Stockley, Bring the 'Times.'"

Sir Charles can find his way among books as well as among his fellows. He has a creditable library, but, frankly, the classics do not make his daily reading. "Stockley, bring the *Times*," he has said, is the request he falls back upon when in doubt about the literature he needs. So, too, is it with others. I have fallen asleep over "*Scintillæ Juris*"; but the report of a Darling case in the *Times* is never dull, or dull only by comparison with the curt and crisp rendering in the original.



MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

Sir Charles John Darling, better known as Mr. Justice Darling, quite one of the ablest Judges on the Bench, has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division of the High Court since 1897. He was born on Dec. 6, 1849, son of Mr. Charles Darling, of Langham Hall, Essex. He was called to the Bar in 1874, and took silk eleven years later. From 1888 to 1897 he was M.P. (C) for Deptford. In 1885, he married Mary, daughter of the late Major-General Wilberforce Harris Greathed, and he has a son and two daughters. His recreations are hunting and painting. All our readers must be aware that he has a noteworthy reputation as a judicial wit, and is the author of numerous verses. His "*Scintillæ Juris*," "*Meditations in the Tea-room*," "*Seria Ludo*," and "*On the Oxford Circuit, and Other Verses*" will be recalled.—[Photograph by Whitlock.]

POUDRÉS AND POUDRÉES: SISTERS AS BEAUX AND BELLES.



1. LADIES ALEXANDRA AND LINA AGAR, DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF NORMANTON.
2. LADIES GEORGINA AND KAREN AGAR, DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF NORMANTON.

Lady Alexandra Agar was born in 1897; Lady Lina, in 1899; Lady Georgina, in 1896, Lady Karen, in 1901. Ladies Diana, Amy, and Rosemary were born in 1904, 1905, and 1908 respectively. Their only brother, Viscount Somerton, was born on March 29, 1910. Their father, the fourth Earl—who, by the way, sits as Baron Somerton—was born in 1865. In 1894 he married Lady Amy Byng, daughter of the fourth Earl of Strafford.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IT does sometimes happen that a Lord-Lieutenant cares little, and knows less, about his county. But when the King came across Lord Dartmouth in the Potteries he found, besides an old friend and a figure-head, a man well up in his subject and thoroughly in touch with his environment. Lord Dartmouth gets to grips with the native. He is not, in the potter's phrase, "a show piece, and useless." He is not himself a practical potter; but even his Majesty's acute queries on the mysteries of the manufacturing did not floor him. He is everything else, from a Mason to a magistrate. His colleagues know the raciness of his views on current problems. Among other things, he does not disapprove the local industry in beer-mugs. "I think a teetotaler on the Bench would be worse than a public-house keeper," was one of his recent rulings.

Royal Risks. Nothing the King encountered on his tour pleased him quite so much as the sight of the furnaces. Among ships or machines his Majesty's interest is ardent as a boy's. Doubtless he would like to get at closer quarters with the workings of a great factory, for the practical turn of his mind is not satisfied with a distant view, made all the more formal by crimson carpets and palm-leaves. His path on this last journey was more than ever be-carpeted, on account of his companion, the Queen; and his Majesty had no opportunity of doing anything that even seemed at all risky. What is allowed to other men is not permitted to him. It was as Prince of Wales that Edward VII. proved his faith in science by putting his hand into a cauldron of boiling metal. "Do you tell me to do this?" he asked Dr. Lyon Playfair, who had explained that, on account of the moisture of the skin, a human hand would come to no harm in lead at white heat. "I do," answered the Doctor, and the Prince acted without a moment's hesitation.

which she likes to live is closed to her; South Germany is not the other. Nor will the Marquis de Soveral change his address because of the young ex-King's change of estate. M. de Soveral will never leave London for good—he has been too thoroughly translated into the English. On St. George's Day his buttonhole was nearly as large as Sir Squire Bancroft's—the delight, surprise, and envy of the Garrick Club on the 23rd.

"An Old Jail-Bird." Adeline Duchess of Bedford made her rounds in Portugal without any of the highly strung sentiment of one unaccustomed to the inside of prisons. She is no novice among criminals: "An old jail-bird," she calls herself, and not without pride. For fifteen years she has visited an English female convict prison, and is much less disposed than the amateur visitor to whine about the lot of the inmate. Against the view of all outsiders, she is inclined to believe in the benefits of solitary confinement. "I was as hard as a table when I came in," said one woman; and the Duchess knew from the softened and even grateful voice that the policy of the closed door is not always without good results. Quite as useful as her English experience of convicts is her equally large experience of governors and warders. She has got past the most difficult of them in this country, and knew how to go about the same business abroad. One possible prison problem the Duchess has yet to solve: how would she deal with the other Duchess if, instead of only refusing to pay her taxes, she broke windows and starved herself?

Punchestown. Army and Castle both contributed largely to the gathering at Punchestown Races; and although Lord Aberdeen is not vastly interested in the technique of the Turf, he was in excellent form as the host of a considerable party of racing friends. The atmosphere was one of exhilaration. For many years no such crowd has gathered



MISS MARGARET RUTSON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MAJOR RONALD FIFE WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 29.

Miss Rutson is the daughter of Mrs. Albert Rutson, of the Manor House, Byfleet. Major Ronald Fife is in the Yorkshire Regiment. It was arranged that the wedding should take place at Byfleet. Photograph by Lallie Charles.



MISS GEORGIANA NUTTER CONNAL, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. CHARLES E. HARDING WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 29.



MISS MONICA NEAME, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. C. ARTHUR MANDER WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 29.



MR. C. ARTHUR MANDER, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS MONICA NEAME WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 29.



MISS N. S. HARGREAVES, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. GERALD P. MANDER HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Mr. Charles E. Harding is in the Royal Fusiliers, is seconded for service under the Colonial Office, and is attached to the Southern Nigerian Regiment, of the West African Frontier Force.—Miss Monica Neame is the daughter of Mr. G. H. Neame, of South Kensington, and Godden Green, Sevenoaks.—Mr. C. Arthur Mander is the elder son of Sir Charles T. Mander, Bt., whose title dates from 1911, and who has been High Sheriff for Staffordshire and Mayor of Wolverhampton. Mr. C. A. Mander was born in 1884.—Miss Hargreaves is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Hargreaves, of Knightley Grange, Staffs.—Mr. Gerald P. Mander is the younger son of Sir Charles T. Mander, Bt., and was born in 1885.—(Photographs by Val l'Estrange, Langley, and Reresford.)

At Home Anyway. The King of Portugal is young enough to face another change of scene with something more than equanimity, and South Germany will probably be his regular place of abode after his marriage. But it does not follow that Queen Amelia will give up Abercorn House. One of the two countries in

about the Grand Stand; and his Excellency, who takes the welfare of the week, as affecting the general spirits of the city, very much to heart, may for once be said to have enjoyed it. His party included the Earl and Countess of Carrick, the Countess of Mayo, Lady Vera Grimston, and Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton.

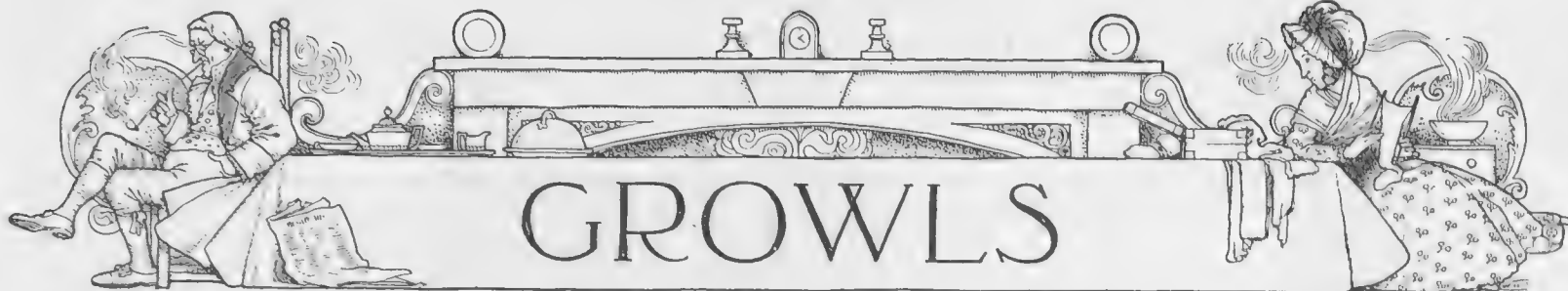
A REAL "TEC" AS CINEMA ACTOR: MR. W. J. BURNS FILMED.



1. A SCENE IN THE "EXPOSURE OF THE LAND SWINDLERS" FILM: DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS EXPLAINING TO A CONGRESSMAN THE USES OF THE DETECTOPHONE.
3. THE LAND SWINDLERS, TAKING DOWN A CALENDAR, FIND THE DETECTOPHONE AND REALISE THAT THEY HAVE GIVEN AWAY THEIR PLANS TO THE ENEMY.
5. THE UNSCRUPULOUS LAND AGENT, SEEKING TO ESCAPE A BURNS DETECTIVE, HAS A COLLISION WITH A TRAIN AT A LEVEL CROSSING.

2. THE CONVERSATION OF THE LAND SWINDLERS IS HEARD BY MEANS OF A DETECTOPHONE HIDDEN BEHIND A CALENDAR IN THEIR ROOM, AND IS TAKEN DOWN IN SHORTHAND IN THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY THE DETECTIVES.
4. DETECTIVE W. J. BURNS, WHO WAS ENGAGED ON THE "MARTIN MYSTERY," SHOWING THE DETECTOPHONE IN "THE EXPOSURE OF THE LAND SWINDLERS" FILM.
6. THE LAND AGENT CRAWLS FROM THE WRECKED CAR (TO BOARD A TRAIN).

Mr. W. J. Burns, the famous American detective, appears in a remarkable film called "The Exposure of the Land Swindlers," a thrilling cinematograph drama produced by the Kalem Company, of New York, by the courtesy of whose agents here (the M.P. Sales Agency, of 86, Wardour Street, London, W.) we are able to make these reproductions. It will be noted that the detectophone is much used. This is a sort of telephone of special sensitiveness. The transmitter is hidden in any room in which it is believed plotting may take place, and the receiver is in another room occupied by detectives. Thus conversation of "suspects" is overheard by detectives and taken down in shorthand.



THE CALL OF THE WILD—THE TEMPTATION OF TRANSPORTATION.

BEING just a peacefully disposed person who desires practically nothing more than to pursue his placid way without interruption, I find that my modest aspirations are being persistently thwarted. I cannot claim that I am so stupendous a success in life that any betterment of my lot would be outside the range of possibility, nor can I imagine anybody such an idiot as to inscribe upon my tombstone that I had made the very best of such opportunities as life afforded. But though I make no bones about conceding these points, I find it impossible to comprehend why other people should make it their permanent business to try to lure me from my ancient grooves. I hold views of the most unmitigatedly Imperialist kind. The thought of the magnitude and majesty of the British Empire fires my imagination, and I have the most profound admiration for the men who devote their lives to efforts to extend its boundaries and to enhance its prestige. I love to think of our great Overseas Dominions developing day by day, and gradually establishing the nucleus of mighty empires yet to come. But all these tremendous ideals can very comfortably be realised without the reorganisation of my life and the upheaval of my normal avocations. I place the most implicit confidence in our Empire-builders.

The Unceasing Call.

But the sturdy folk of these far-off places are, curiously unanimous in their desire that I shall join forces with them. I cannot take my westward walk down the Strand without being bidden in peremptory tones to go to Australia, the land where industry meets with a generous reward, where capital is accorded a thumping return, and where the climatic conditions are all that mortal man can desire. I cannot open a newspaper without coming face to face with an adjuration to snap asunder the old chains that bind me to the Motherland and to sally forth to Canada, there to add millions more to the millions of bushels of wheat grown annually upon its rolling plains. Never a week passes but I am advised through the medium of advertisement that the only thing for me to do is to pack up my traps and betake me to Rhodesia, where milk, honey, and other indications of prosperity are to be had for the asking. To one who is philosophically more or less content with the *status quo*, this pertinaciously conducted campaign is extremely disconcerting and disturbing. I cannot help vaguely realising on occasions that there must, after all, be something in this yearning for my co-operation,

and I cannot help sometimes indulging in calculations as to how much better off I should be if I were engaged in the cultivation of millions of acres than I am in the slinging together of thousands of words, and the results arrived at have a tendency to sour me and to sap the foundations of the modified amount of contentment I have permitted myself to accumulate. I read these glowingly couched invitations, and in my mind's eye, I see myself master of illimitable flocks and herds, the possessor of mines of incalculable value, the proprietor of forests worth their weight in gold; and the contemplation has a distinctly depressing effect. I may endeavour light-heartedly to turn the picture with its face to the wall, but it has left an impression which nothing can quite remove.

I thank Heaven that I am sufficiently strong-minded to resist the temptations thrust upon me, and I feel safe in the knowledge that no blandishments exhibited on hoardings or promulgated in circulars can ever lure me to uproot myself from the land of my nativity. Besides, a sense of humour is a useful accessory under such trying circumstances, and I tell myself of the figure I should cut if I attempted to prick across the bounding prairies on a habitual buckjumper. The very notion of myself in cowboy costume is enough to bring me to my senses; and when I curtly inform myself that I don't know one end of a grain of wheat from the other, I feel that I can continue along the old, uneventful, and unremunerative paths without excessive recrimination or regret. At the same time, my decided opinion is that these pioneers of civilisation in the far-away have no earthly right to put my strength of mind and sense of humour to such distracting tests. Let them take all legitimate steps that may tend to the furtherance of their great and glorious work. Let them increase their respective populations by persuading and even by kidnapping so much of our surplus youth as may be necessary for their purpose. I am even willing to supply them with the names and addresses of certain "nuts" of my acquaintance who would make highly desirable adjuncts to prairie scenery and who would soon find that distance combined with a picturesque costume would lend enchantment to the view. Let them, I say, continue their patriotic labours, but let them cease to implant ridiculous notions in the easily influenced minds of middle-aged inhabitants of not altogether uncomfortable grooves.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



FOUND WANDERING IN THE TRENCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA DURING THE WAR, AND SINCE THEN A PET OF THE WELSH REGIMENT, RAGS, THE SKYE TERRIER, WEARING HIS MEDAL WITH BARS (WITH HIS MASTER, COLOUR-SERGEANT SHANNON).

Photograph by Welsh Topical Press.



THE FIRST SEA LORD, WHO SAYS THAT GREAT BRITAIN MUST NOT RELY ON HER NAVY ALONE: PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG (WITH PRINCESS LOUISE).

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Union Jack Club the other day, Prince Louis of Battenberg said: "No one Service can dispense with the other. . . . There are people who go about saying, 'If war comes the Fleet alone is quite enough to keep anybody from coming near the shores of this island Kingdom.' There can be no more foolish or mischievous statement. The Fleet alone could not do it, and the presence of a sufficiently trained professional army in this island at all times is quite as necessary as the other arm of the Service." Prince Louis, who was born at Grätz, in Austria, on May 24, 1854, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, became a naturalised British subject and entered the Navy in 1868. He has had a most distinguished career. In 1884 he married Princess Victoria, daughter of Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, and of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE.



XI.—THE MAN WHO MUST LET THE CAT OUT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE ACUTE SECOND: "CAP AND BELLS" AND GERMAINE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"YOU are pale," Germaine shouted in my ear. "Do you feel cold?"

"I never feel cold in a low frock, *petite*," I answered; "I am being pale with Mr. Robert Vansittart."

Germaine stared at the white-faced man in the black clothes bowing from the stage to the public and smiling with twitching lips.

"Look at him well," I said; "here is a man in the act of being happy."

"Yet he has a shirt," said Germaine flippantly; "the happy man of the legend had not!" My niece has no respect either for myth or for man. Nevertheless, she looked eagerly at the nervous face where happiness was passing, as one looks at a shooting-star while trying to form a wish before the luminous line has curved itself into nothingness.

"The Acute Second," I mused: "we consent to exist just that we may *live* for a fraction of a minute now and then—some of us once between birth and death, and some others never."

Germaine shivered a little—perhaps in fear of the future, perhaps because she was in the electric draught between house and dramatist.

"We can't all write clever plays!" cried she so as to be heard amidst the noise of applause.

"There are different qualities of thrills, *petite*. This is the second-best—the communion of one's intellect with that of a crowd."

"And the first best?" asked Germaine, as we were leaving the Little Theatre.

"The communion between one and one's equal or one's superior. To have rendered a plurality appreciative is good, but it is the unit that counts. To vanquish is pleasant, but to be vanquished is exquisite. To give is great, to receive is necessary."

"Is it?" asked Germaine. "Oh, please don't make me think—I can't just after seeing a play."

"The process of digestion." It only lasted during the way from John Street to the Savoy. Flappers assimilate quickly. At the supper-table Germaine was ready to discuss the playgoers, the play-actors, and even the play. I will give you her undiluted comments, they are fresher than mine would be—it was the first first-night in London of the French flapper.

"Monsieur Godfrey Tearle is a *beau garçon*," she said.

"Very," I agreed; "but Mr. Vansittart was wrong to call him Percy. No self-respecting Mr. Robinson would allow himself to be called Percy. All Robinsons are, besides being self-respecting, extremely sensitive."

"Are they?" said Germaine. "Very unwise of them outside their desert island. Have you noticed, Martouche, that Englishmen have much more important jaws than Frenchmen?"

"I notice even little things like that," said I; "and now, this

being your circus, we will condemn the men to drink sweet champagne. All decent-minded men loathe sweet champagne, and all womanly women like you and me like only that kind."

"When I am your age," said Germaine (little wretch!) "shall I know men's likings as well as you do?"

"Those are things that one must know, but never study," said I.

Germaine bit a plover's egg pensively. "Why," said she, "are stage Earls and other aristocrats so laboriously stupid?"

"To flatter the rest of us," I suggested—"those that are stupid without being well-born, and those that are well-born without being stupid, and those that are stupid and well-born and aware only of one of the two facts."

"I liked the play," said Germaine, "because it does not try to

be true to life. It seems we can't escape from life." (And she eighteen!) "We don't laugh, and we don't dream—we have lost faith in farce and fairy-tales!"

"But 'Cap and Bells' is a serious comedy, *petite*," said I. "If it is not true to life, then it has failed in its effort. What is it you did not find real in it?"

"Oh, the girl's conduct; a real girl would have begun by marrying the Duke, and then, if she still cared for the other man—"

"Yes?" I said, in some trepidation—those French flappers!

"Then—incompatibility of temper and a divorce, so simple!" shrugged Germaine.

"Very simple, if only the other fellow had not been so handsome—a vision of curly hair

and a wilful *maxillaire*, even in a commoner, is apt to make a woman find even a real Duke disagreeable. No; the girl behaved as you or I or any other nice female would have behaved. Mr. Percy Robinson is the only abnormal person in the play. I have no patience with a diffident lover. No man in love with a woman would have the brutal heroism to appear a cad in her eyes—not even for her future good. One can struggle, one can renounce, one can forget, one can deceive, one can hurt, one can kill the beloved, but there is one thing one cannot do—to lose prestige wilfully in His eyes."

"In *Her* eyes," corrected Germaine.

"That's what I meant," I said hastily. I don't think it is respectful of Germaine to pick me up so often. After all, I am her aunt, even if we did play together in the same nursery.

"He was a faint-hearted Robinson," admitted Germaine. "Why did he kiss her hands, when her lips were so much more conveniently placed?"

"That was because . . . she smiled," I answered. "A frown will not keep a kiss at bay, but a smile will!"

You thought I was going to tell you the play, amiable readers? Most certainly not—you must go and see it. Germaine liked it, and so did I.



RIDING WITH HER FATHER, THE KING: PRINCESS MARY.

Princess Mary made her first public appearance on horseback in the Row a little while ago, when she accompanied the King on a morning ride. She is an excellent horsewoman, and this year for the first time followed the hounds.

Photograph by C.N.

THE 'FLUENCE OF THE FILM.

FOR SALE.



THE NUT: It makes me feel I want to lead a man's life.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



WAGNER ON THE "RING": BAYREUTH LETTERS.*

The "Ring" and Mont Blanc. In this year of the centenary of the Master's birth, at this season of three cycles of the "Ring" at Covent Garden, "The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner" call for, and should win, unusual attention. They are instinct with personality; valuable not only

as historic documents, but as a book of revelations of the man and the musician—the man exercised as to his home in the Bavarian city, as to his finances, as to whether or no he will be granted a free site for his projected building; the musician devoting himself untiringly to the furthering of his great ideas and his pet project, to the choice of fitting singers and players, to the setting-up of his theatre. In the space at our disposal we have but room to quote a sentence or two deemed especially appropriate at the moment: for the rest, Miss Kerr's translation may be sought with

The "Dangers" of "Swimming" in the "Ring." As to the artists, many were willing, but not all could be chosen. And there were difficulties created, for example, by the "swimming" of the Rhine Maidens—an effect just bettered, by the way, at Covent Garden. "Not only had the singers to make the movement which would correspond with the music and suggest their watery home, but these same movements must be executed by the cages in which they were fastened. One man was needed to steer the Undines; another to see that they were raised, lowered, or shifted at the proper time; and such musicians as Anton Seidl, Felix Mottl, and Franz Fischer, each one provided with a carefully-marked score, sat in the cages to give the signal for the various movements to the machinists. Wagner was in a terrible state of anxiety over this scene. . . . The day came when the three Rhine Maidens were to perform their task for the first time. As soon as Lilli Lehmann caught sight of the cages, she cried: 'No; no one could expect me to do such a thing. . . .' Fricke used his powers of persuasion to better purpose with Marie, who, with shrieks and cries, was strapped into her cage, and the 'swimming' lesson began. Upon her solemn assurance that 'it was not as bad as it looked,' Lilli Lehmann and Fräulein Lammert let themselves be persuaded, and were soon swimming about in the bravest possible manner. Wagner was beside himself with joy, and embraces and kisses were the immediate reward of his courageous Rhine Maidens." Other troubles were surmounted as they arose—with greater or less difficulty. On August 13, 1876, "all that Wagner had worked and wrought during the last quarter of a century took concrete form and became the *First Bayreuth Festival*." Bravos and a heart-breaking deficit were the sequel: the balance-sheet was over £7700 on the wrong side. "The covering of the deficit of the first Stage Festival Play fell upon the creator of the work." Strange, but, unfortunately, true.



"SADDLE" AND "STIRRUPS" FOR SWIMMING: NEW APPARATUS FOR A RHINE MAIDEN IN "RHEINGOLD" AND "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG," AT COVENT GARDEN. Each apparatus is suspended from a piano-wire capable of lifting a ton and a half. The Rhine Maiden stands in the "stirrups" and leans forward against the "saddle" at the top. Six men attend to each swimmer, and her movements are guided by a director, who takes his cue from the orchestral score.

Drawn by S. Begg. Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."

much profit and pleasure. Let us turn to a few words on the "Ring," for the world-famous tetralogy is indissolubly connected with the Bayreuth Festival. Of "The Ring" Liszt wrote: "I recently heard twenty rehearsals of that wonderful work, 'The Nibelung's Ring.' It towers over and dominates one art-epoch as does Mont Blanc the other mountain peaks."

Money Difficulties.

On Nov. 10, 1872, Wagner, and with him his wife, started out on what he called a tour of inspection—otherwise, a series of visits to the various German opera-houses in search of material for his first production of the "Ring." His conditions were, or seem, hard—at least, they probably appear so to those numerous moderns to whom pay is more than art. "Singers and musicians," he wrote, "to receive *only* compensation, but no (salary) 'payments.' He who does not come to me from glory and enthusiasm can stay where he is. A lot of use to me a singer would be who came to me only for a silly salary! Such a person could never satisfy my artistic demands. . . . It is quite different when one has to deal with builders, carpenters, wood, canvas, lead, brushes, and machinery. Here *only money* can accomplish anything." But he got his cast and his orchestra—glory to his disciples! Then came more real difficulties. Fresh support was vitally necessary if the scheme was to come to fruition. The Master appealed to King Ludwig—in vain. Then he turned to the Emperor. "I have now decided," he wrote to Emil Hackel in January 1874, "to offer the first performances of my work to our victorious Emperor, as a lustrum celebration of the famous peace with France, closed in 1871. . . . In return for this, the sum of one hundred thousand thalers—in other words, a third of the total cost—should be guaranteed in support of the undertaking." Again the answer was in the negative. Despair—followed by triumph: "The signature of the King has come," Wagner was able to write in March.

* "The Story of Bayreuth as Told in the Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner," Translated and Edited by Caroline V. Kerr. (James Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)



FLOATING ABOUT IN THE RHINE—AT COVENT GARDEN: THE RHINE MAIDENS USING THE NEW "SWIMMING" APPARATUS.

We reproduce from the "Illustrated London News" of April 26, where the above subject is given as a full-page illustration, two drawings of the new device used at Covent Garden for the swimming of the Rhine Maidens in "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung." Formerly the swimming mechanism consisted simply of a long scaffold-pole fixed in a barrel of cement, which was wheeled about on a trolley, while the Rhine Maiden was uncomfortably held in place by girths at the end of the pole.

Drawn by S. Begg. Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."

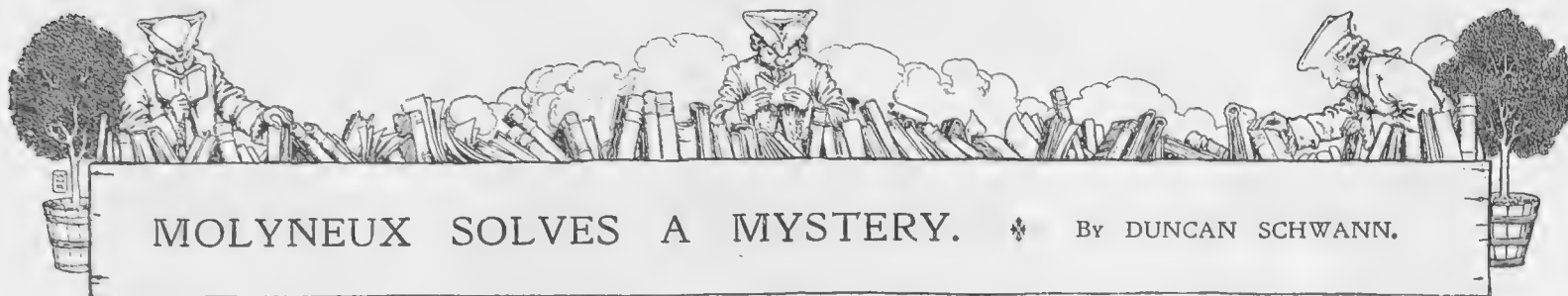
A TURN OF PHRASE.

FOR SALE.



THE CIGAR-SMOKER (*facetiously*): Still studying the sea, Professor? You must know it upside down by now.
THE PROFESSOR (*feelingly*): Say, rather, inside out!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



MOLYNEUX SOLVES A MYSTERY. ♦ BY DUNCAN SCHWANN.

THE whole trouble arose from the fact that Diana, womanlike, travelled down to Andover House with so many parcels that the interior of the carriage she had reserved for the journey resembled the packing-room of Harvey and Nicholls. There were about three band-boxes in the racks, dressing-cases and hand-bags in each corner, and she and her maid between them had half-a-dozen packages to look after. When I saw the state of the compartment at Paddington—for I was privileged to escort her ladyship down to her brother's country seat—I ventured a mild remonstrance. But, as the only satisfaction I got was an injunction to "sit down and be good," I suppressed my masculine feelings, and contented myself by picking out likely winners for Royal Ascot. At the local station, however, I was pressed into service on the ground that the contents of the various packages were too precious to be entrusted to a porter, and I staggered to the motor more like a commissionaire than Frederick Hewitt Molyneux.

It was just about six o'clock, when, seated under the shade of the giant elm, watching Andover and Mrs. Marchmont having a strenuous sett with Sybil Tufnell and Maurice Lester, that a distraught Diana came flying out with the news that her pearl-and-diamond necklace was missing.

"You women are always getting up scares about your jewellery," I said, with a philosophical bearing of another's loss. As a matter of fact, it was too warm an evening to get unduly excited. "Ten to one your maid's put the thing away, and forgotten where she placed it. Maurice, as the score's forty-fifteen, you ought to be serving from the right-hand court, not the left."

But Diana's tidings outweighed the attraction of the sett, and the players came crowding round for further details.

It appeared that Suzanne, the maid, had missed the red-leather case when unpacking her mistress's things, but, assuming it was safely put away somewhere, she had said nothing about it until Lady Diana herself, finding the jewellery not in the travelling-case where she had stored it on receiving it from Cartier—who had been cleaning the stones—just before starting on her journey, made inquiries, with the result that a thorough search had failed to bring the case and its contents to light.

"What's your theory, Di?" asked Sybil, her eyes sparkling at the prospect of detectives, and all the rest of the machinery for the unravelling of the mystery of the necklace's whereabouts.

"I don't know what to think. No one came into our carriage, did they, Freddy?" Diana addressed me. "Besides, I never let the case out of my sight."

"I wasn't aware you had the blessed thing with you," I replied; "but I'm ready to swear in any court of law that the loss didn't occur before we got down here. No, I'm afraid, like so many recent country-house robberies, the disappearance must be attributed to the present fashion for glorifying crime and criminals—Raffles, Arsène Lupin, you know." And I shook my head sadly at the demoralising tendencies of modern fiction.

"Isn't it rather early in the day to jump to a conclusion like that?" asked Andover, in a judicial tone that grated on me.

"It's never too early to begin discreet inquiries," I urged. "But, of course, if your sister is resigned to the loss of her jewellery, I've nothing more to say."

"On the contrary," cried Diana, "it would break my heart if I failed to recover the necklace. You forget, Jack, it's an heirloom. I'm awfully grateful to you, Freddy, for offering to help."

Andover made a grimace signifying his disapprobation. He is one of those masterful men who must have all the glory, and will never co-operate.

"All I can say is that if Molly embarks on what he calls 'discreet inquiries' in this business, I, for one, shall wash my hands of it."

"What alternative proposal have you to put forward?" I inquired, in a voice that I tried to make honeyed.

"My suggestion would be to get a plain-clothes man down from Scotland Yard, and leave him to take his own steps."

"What!—and have every man, woman, and child about the place recognise his errand by the shape of his boots? I must say I prefer my way."

"And I agree with Freddy," said Diana.

"All right, then!"—And Andover flung his racquet down, and went off to the house in a huff.

I clasped my hands round one knee with an air of conscious triumph.

"The first question to be answered," I began, looking round the group, "is the question of motive. Who would be most likely to have taken the necklace?"

"Don't stare at me like that, Molly, as though you suspected me!" interrupted Maurice, puffing a cloud of cigarette-smoke in my direction.

I frowned at the fellow.

"Not you more than another. I suspect everybody until he, or she, have proved themselves innocent."

"Does that include me?" cried Mrs. Marchmont. "And me?" echoed Sybil.

"Most certainly it does. I intend to go through all the household in turn until I've unearthed the culprit."

"I say, this is too thick!" burst out Maurice. "Have you actually got the nerve to accuse me of taking Di's infernal necklace?"

"Losing your temper won't exonerate you," I continued placidly. "Answering my questions very probably may. Where were you last night?"

"At the Empire, if that's any help to you."

Sybil Tufnell so far forgot herself as to guffaw. Doubtless she was unstrung by the solemnity of the occasion.

"You must try to control yourself, Sybil," I corrected. "If Maurice is innocent—as, for the sake of the title, I hope he is—he has nothing to fear from my examination." I faced the youth once more.—"And after the Empire?"

"Oh, after the Empire, Winnington and myself went round to his flat to fetch a dark-lantern, a set of jemmes, and a crow-bar. Then, we took a taxi to 108, Grosvenor Square, forced the back-door, stole upstairs to Di's room, chloroformed her, and broke open the safe where the necklace lay, in just under twenty minutes. Winnington took the stuff, and, as I haven't seen him since, I can't tell you where it is, but it's probably in Amsterdam by this time. That's where we always get rid of the swag."

"If you think playing the buffoon is going to baffle me, my dear Maurice, you're woefully mistaken. Your way of answering has already proved to me that you haven't the brains to make a successful burglar. You didn't take Diana's necklace."

"In—no—cent."—Maurice laid his hand on his heart with an extravagant gesture.—"My good name is still untarnished. I can go out into the world a free man. Thank you a thousand times," and he wrung my hand up and down like a pump-handle. "Now I'm going to play Dr. Watson to your Sherlock Holmes, and study your methods, and, if I don't get enough fun out of the whole caboodle to last me a lifetime, I'm a Dutchman."

"If you'll promise to behave yourself, it'll do you a world of good to act as my marshal. It's quite likely force'll have to be used before we're through with this job."

"Force?"—Diana spoke in alarm.

"I wish to be prepared for every emergency. An unmasked criminal is inclined to be desperate. But to business! When may I search your wardrobe, Mrs. Marchmont?"

Maurice misbehaved straight away by exclaiming, "Pip, pip!" in the background.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Marchmont, and coloured up.

"It's the usual practice, I assure you, in a case of this kind. I shall have to adopt a similar course with all the servants."

"I never heard such nonsense!" and Maisie stamped her foot.

"Believe me," I apologised, "it'll be no pleasant task for me to go through your things——"

[Continued overleaf.]

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS.



THE HOUSEMAID (whispering): Lady help up at "The Nook." Reg'lar cat, they say. You know the style.
 HER FRIEND: *Do I not?* Call themselves Miss; feed with the family; finish up the cold mutton, and don't feel 'ungry when there's visitors and nice puddin's.



THE HUSBAND: Don't like the look of European politics at all; war might be declared at any moment . . . wake up and find England invaded any day.

THE WIFE: Well, I've had to put off my spring cleaning because of Cousin Keziah coming, so I hope they'll get it over before I do start now.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"Why not, pray? They're very pretty things. I won't have you run them down."

I restrained a comment on the chameleon-like nature of the Sex.

"What Molly really means, Mrs. Marchmont," put in Maurice, "is that he wouldn't think of routing about amongst your *lingerie* unless he hoped to find the jewel-case in one of your openwork stockings."

"Look here!" I cried, turning savagely on the fellow. "Are you conducting this job, or am I?"

"Great Scott, you are!"—Maurice's eagerness to disown responsibility was comic—"I accept no liability for the bally thing."

"Very well, then. Once more, Maisie, may I have your keys?"

"Certainly, if my maid'll give 'em up."

"So far, so good. Sybil, I shan't need to trouble you. 'Flappers' aren't capable of planning and carrying out the theft of their hostess's jewels."—Sybil dropped me a curtsy.—"Now, Diana, I'll see the women servants, and I'd better begin with your maid."

"Do you think you'll be able to make Suzanne understand your questions, or grasp the meaning of her replies?" my hostess asked, as we all moved across the lawn to the library.

"Implying that I can't speak, or understand, the French language?" I said, my pride smarting at what underlay her words.

"I thought no man educated at a public school ever knew French," remarked Mrs. Marchmont.

"Well, you'll think differently in a quarter of an hour," I retorted. "I shall want all you three women in the room to impart confidence to the female servants. They might feel nervous if left alone with Maurice and myself."

"Speak for yourself, Molly!" said Maurice. "I hope I know how to behave myself."

I chose to ignore the ass, and occupied myself with the line my cross-examination should take, till I was seated behind Andover's desk, a quill pen and sheet of foolscap before me, Maurice at my left hand, and the ladies ensconced on a sofa away to the right.

"Before we begin," I whispered to my subordinate, "what's the French for 'witness'?" It might come in handy."

"Isn't it *choufleur*?" he whispered back after a moment's hesitation.

"Of course, it is. How foolish of me to forget!" and I jotted down the word on my sheet of paper. "Suzanne Armand, *nous sommes prêts!*"

"Hadn't I better put the questions to her?" inquired Lady Diana, as the maid entered.

"The Court will put its own questions. *Maintenant donc, Suzanne, connaissez-vous que vous êtes un choufleur?*"

My question was innocent enough in all conscience, yet its reception was astounding, for while the *choufleur*, or in its English form, witness, burst into tears, Diana, Maisie, and Sybil broke into peal after peal of hysterical laughter.

I threw myself back in my chair in a rage.

"This is intolerable. I put a simple question to the woman, and everybody behaves as though they'd suddenly gone raving mad. Hi, come back, there!" for Suzanne had jumped to her feet, and bolted from the room.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" Diana had tears in her eyes, tears of merriment. "Whatever made you address Suzanne in that extraordinary fashion?"

"I don't understand."

"You called her a cauliflower."

"Pardon me, I did nothing of the sort. Maurice here will tell you what the French for 'witness' is, if you don't know it for yourself."

"I thought *choufleur* was the French for it, anyway," said Maurice, and showed me in a flash that I had been a fool to rely on him.

"Maurice, you're a disgrace to Eton," I told him. "You haven't the excuse I have of having left school twenty-two years. No, not another word!" for he had opened his mouth to defend himself. "It's no use having the girl back, Diana, while she's upset at Maurice's crass stupidity. I'll interview the upper housemaid next."

"Don't you think," suggested Diana, that, instead of bullying the household, it would be more to the point to continue your investigations on the scene of the actual loss?"

"I demur to the word 'bullying' as applied to my method, but let that pass. We will adjourn upstairs. Maurice, fetch that magnifying-glass of your brother's! It may bring a clue to light."

"You're sure you don't mind our coming in here?" I asked of Diana, as we stood in the passage outside the boudoir.

"You didn't show the same concern for my feelings just now!" complained Mrs. Marchmont.

I didn't explain that I had a strong attachment, almost amounting to romantic affection, for Lady Diana, while my feeling for her was nothing more than friendship, so I left the comment unanswered.

"As long as you don't upset or untidy things, I don't mind the slightest, Freddy."

So we all filed in, to find the dressing-case on the sofa.

"Now, I'll trouble you for that glass, Maurice." And I proceeded to examine the outside of the case with the utmost care.

"Ha!" I shouted. "A finger-print, an inky finger-print just by the safety-catch, showing that the thief was engaged in literary composition at the moment of the robbery. Now, whom does that point to?"

"You, most probably," drawled Maurice, whose idea of assisting his chief was to loll in the most comfortable arm-chair in the room, and knock his cigarette-ash on to the white bear-skin rug.

"Oh, Mr. Molyneux," joined in Sybil, "your hand's covered with ink."

So it was. That came from sitting at Andover's desk, confound him! But to appear put out would be to descend to Maurice's low level.

"Finding nothing on the outside of the case to assist us," I proceeded, undisturbed, "we now open it, and examine the contents."

"Not with inky fingers, Frederick!" And Diana pounced down upon the bag, and wrested it from my grasp.

"As you refuse me access to the evidence," I began, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I'm afraid I'm powerless to assist you."

"Why not find out how the person who stole the necklace got into the room?"—The speaker was Sybil Tufnell.

"Now that's being really helpful, Sybil," I replied, genuinely grateful to the "flapper." "I was on the point of reaching the same conclusion myself."

"What's wrong with the door?" snapped Mrs. Marchmont, evidently still put out over my open preference for another woman.

"The first axiom in the detection of crime," I declaimed, "is that a thief never walks in at the door when he can climb in by the window. Depend upon it, our gentleman got in by that window—unless, indeed, there's a ventilator."

"There's no ventilator," said Diana sharply.

I looked at her with pained surprise. After all the trouble I'd been to on her behalf!

"Could anyone climb up by this ivy?"—I had my head out of the window, and was peering down.

"Try it yourself, and see!" was Maurice's sparkling contribution to the debate.

"Or this water-pipe?"

I caught hold of it as I spoke, and gave it a tug to test its strength. What did the rotten thing do but come away in my hand! That's the worst of these ancestral homes—they've outlived present-day needs!

"Really, Frederick, that's too bad of you!"—Diana's tones were almost shrewish.—"It'll take the plumber two days to repair your clumsiness. I don't know what Jack'll say."

I drew myself back into the boudoir, and rose to my full height.

"What his sister has just said is more than enough for me. Instead of abusing me like a fish-wife, Diana, you ought to thank me for discovering a defective rain-pipe before the wet weather sets in. I know it's too much to expect gratitude from a woman in these emancipated days, but, at least, I have a right to justice. I shall go for a stroll before dinner, and try to forget, and forgive, your harsh words."—And I stumped off to fetch a light covert-coat from my room as protection against the chill of the dew.

In the pocket, as I took the coat up, was a parcel. "If that man of mine," I thought, "hasn't been idiot enough to pack a case of cigars, just as though I were going to spend the week-end at a seaside hotel!" But the parcel, when I had extricated it, didn't look like cigars. It was too flat and round. A suspicion of the real state of affairs crossed my mind as I was undoing the wrappings; but all the same, when I found myself holding a red-leather case—Diana's red-leather case—containing the missing necklace, I felt half-stupefied. I must have slipped the package into my pocket absent-mindedly during the scramble from the train. Well, it was Diana's fault for travelling like a parcel-post delivery-van, and Diana should bear the brunt. So, on my way down to dinner, I made a détour into the boudoir, and placed the necklace in the travelling-case that was still lying on the sofa.

Not until we were all gathered in the billiard-room after the meal did I refer to the subject of the lost jewels, though the conversation of the others had dealt with little else.

"I can't help thinking, Di, you made a mistake in not letting me open that case of yours," I began. "Something tells me—"

"Something tells me you'd have broken that as well," said Andover brutally.

"All the same," I continued, ignoring the insult, "before going to bed—if you don't mind, Diana—I should like to make quite certain of the contents."

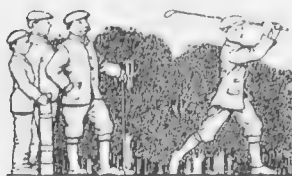
Andover pealed the bell impetuously, and sent for the travelling-case.

"You're such a persistent beggar, Molly," was his explanation of the action, "that we shan't get a wink of sleep till you've seen inside with your own eyes."

I spent the minutes of waiting for the appearance of the bag in practising nursery cannons. It was with fingers that trembled with excitement that I undid the patent fastenings and fished out the morocco-leather case.

"After this, perhaps, you'll all apologise," I cried, holding up the thing. "As for you, Diana, next time you put a valuable article into your bag, and forget all about it, don't go and abuse an old friend for your own carelessness. Now, who says a game of pool?"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS IN THE GOLFING WORLD: RACIAL RIVALRIES ON THE LINKS.

A Dramatic Golf Season.

I believe that this is going to be a very dramatic season in golf. We have all the elements for it, and they are being well shaped by the tendency of events. Before now I have suggested that international rivalry in golf would take a form and a force this year that the game had never known before, and it is this intense competition between the golfers of nations that will make the season such a big and exciting thing. It is announced that Ray and Vardon—who, Providence permitting, will without any doubt whatever compete for the American Open Championship at Brookline, near Boston, in September—will sail for the States about the beginning of August. Now I have information of the most positive character that more American professionals than those whose names have already been made public will come over with the American team to Hoylake for the British Open Championship. In the same way, it would be no matter of surprise to find some other British professionals besides Ray and Vardon going over in quest of American spoil; and, as an expedition to the States has been organised, it seems to me a little unfortunate that it should be confined to the

wishing for nine-thirty to-morrow morning to come as quickly as sweet sleep will bring it, that I may hear the other man's motor-horn tooting outside my place and calling me down for the fast ride through a piece of Surrey for the day's play on the uplands in the heartening spring. The prologue was in the form of an announcement of the sale the other day of what was once Garrick's villa at Hampton-on-Thames. In recent times it was the residence of the late Sir Clifton Robinson. When Garrick was living there in 1758 he invited a few Scotch bodies to dine with him, and one was Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, near Musselburgh, and one of the keenest golfers in existence. Knowing his golfing propensities, Garrick told the minister and his associates to bring their golf-clubs with them, to play on Molesey Hurst, hard by, which they did; and, according to Dr. Carlyle, the golf ground which they found there was very good. This must have been the second oldest golf-course in England. After dinner, the party were taking wine in the garden when the minister got up to his larks; he told Garrick he could drive a ball through a distant archway into the River Thames once in three times, did



MAKER OF A NEW RECORD FOR THE RANELAGH COURSE: MISS CECIL LEITCH, WHO WENT ROUND IN 69 THE OTHER DAY.

On the first day of the Ladies' Golf Meeting at Ranelagh, Miss Cecil Leitch went round in 69, creating a record for the course and winning the first prize for the best scratch score.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

two already named, though, if there are to be but two there could be no better pair, and they will probably between them lift the championship. I should like to see George Duncan go with them, and most decidedly I should like to see Braid—the practical golfer, the made golfer, the strong golfer—is a fuller and more exact complement to Vardon than any other man, though Ray does make the most startling contrast against him; and it is

it at the second, and made Garrick so amazed that the actor begged the club it was done with; and so went on to its end a most happy day. This was one of the earliest scenes of golf in England, such as ought to be celebrated by some great picture.

A Scottish Threat. And now, only a few days since, a great wail went up in Scotland, which was to the effect that Scotland no longer stands where she did in golf, and she is sore troubled. The people up there have suddenly realised that scarcely ever do they have a look-in at the championships in these days. The English win every time, and generally there are two Englishmen in the final, as there were, to the horror of the good Scots, when the championship was last played at St. Andrews, six years ago—a fact which becomes all the more unpleasant when it is remembered that in a month the

TWO INTERNATIONALS AT THE RANELAGH MEETING: MRS. F. W. BROWN AND MISS M. HARRISON.

never to be forgotten that Braid is a five times champion, as no other except Vardon is. I urge these matters, and wish I had space to urge more, because there seems to be a tendency just now to overlook the present position and record of this great player—the greatest player, apart from a genius of the game like Vardon, that golf has ever known, and certainly the one who knows more about what he does and how he does it than anyone else. The Americans would very much like to see him.

Garrick and the Game.

However, this international question takes a new form just now. A civil war is breaking out in this country! I came upon a kind of prologue, giving the key to it, the other day. We all do know how golf first began in Scotland, how the

Scots loved and cherished it and were much skilled at it, and how in the course of time they brought it to the South and played it at Blackheath and some other places. This was the Scots' doing. If they had not done this thing, I might not now be

ing in this matter at the big events this season, and, what with this and the Anglo-American and the Franco-American rivalry, there are lively times ahead. And we are, indeed, within a month of the championships now!

HENRY LEACH.



THE LADIES AT RANELAGH: COMPETITORS MAKING-UP THEIR CARDS BEFORE "POSTING" THEM.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE ANNUAL LADIES' OPEN MEETING AT RANELAGH: SOME OF THE TWO HUNDRED ODD COMPETITORS WAITING THEIR TURNS TO DRIVE OFF.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE LATEST THING IN REVUES; PAVLOVA; AND SO-CALLED FUTURISM.

AFTER a postponement of a week the London Opera House has duly produced its revue, which is entitled "Come Over Here." It is partly the work of Mr. Max Pemberton, who has received assistance from various collaborators, Transatlantic and otherwise, with the not unnatural result that it is no easy matter to discover any traces of Mr. Pemberton's literary style in the working out of such of the plot as has been allowed to remain. The music has also put a strain upon the invention of divers composers, and is redolent of rag-time, which apparently constitutes the entire musical output of the United States just now. At the opening, some pretence is made of the existence of a plot. It is not of a novelty to stagger humanity, and very soon vanishes into the *Ewigkeit*, but while it lasts it serves. It tells of the elopement of two young people of whose marriage the lady's father disapproves. Only that, and nothing more, but it dies a glorious death, for here the scenic artist steps in and provides us with a really remarkable spectacle. The father is pursuing the fugitives in his motor-car, and is attempting to overtake their train before they reach Amiens Junction, and the race is really exciting. We see the train rapidly approaching over the hillside, and the lights of the car gradually growing bigger, until of a sudden the lights go up, and we are face to face with the automobile and the giant locomotive, which have made a dead-heat of it. All this is extraordinarily well done, and is received with unbounded enthusiasm. Afterwards we are transported to the Orient and are treated to a fierce story of passion, the lovers being the favourite wife of the Shah and a youthful Fakir, both extremely lightly attired. This is hardly so thrilling as it is intended to be, and the lady's costume is certainly not particularly beautiful. To finish up at *Ciro's Restaurant in Paris* is, after this, only to be expected, and the performance closes with a wonderfully arrayed promenade of femininity through the length of the stalls, and a wholesale distribution of jingle-bells and other mementos. No attempt at wit or humour is observable, and the usual imitations of Messrs. Lloyd George and G. P. Huntley are dispensed with. True, Miss Clarice Mayne does come on with "That," and indulges in some mimicry, but, apart from this incident, there is practically nothing in the way of topical allusion. There is nothing distinguished about the acting or the singing, but the production is a triumph, and that alone will probably bring success to this hitherto unfortunate house.

Anna Pavlova. The Palace Theatre is looking quite its old self, for Pavlova is back, and, supported by a talented troupe of dancers, is butterflying it to her heart's content. We have of late been privileged to see the finest exponents of the Russian school of dancing, but Pavlova has won for herself

a place in the popular affection which no other dancer can claim. She is gifted with a charm and a grace which are all her own, and she has a power of facial expression which makes us sometimes forget all about her twinkling feet and waving arms. No more effective antidote to the riot and racket of ragtime than her rendering of Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice" can well be imagined, and if we do not find her Spanish Dance completely satisfying, we cannot fail to be enchanted by her delicate and thoughtful treatment of Liszt's "Préludes." This last number does not give many opportunities for dancing, and is rather a triumph for the orchestra than for the principals, and Mr. Hermann Finck's band again shows its ability to do the fullest justice to the most difficult classical music. Pavlova's company is all that could be desired, and she again has the assistance of M. Novikoff, who makes an admirable cavalier, and assists her in her evolutions with consummate ability. Mlle. Plaskowiecska dances a Minuet of Paderewski with the most perfect daintiness, and a "Danse de Printemps," performed by nine of Pavlova's pupils, makes a very pleasing interpolation. Every detail gives indication of the most thoughtful care and the most exquisite taste. The combination of Anna Pavlova's proficiency and gossamer grace, the beauty of the music brilliantly interpreted,

and the severe drapery of the stage surroundings make a *tout ensemble* which is worthy of the traditions of the Palace. So long as she continues to furnish an entertainment so satisfying in its refinement and beauty, so long will Pavlova be assured of a thunderous welcome whenever she chooses to appear in our midst.

A Contrast.

On the evening of Pavlova's reappearance at the Palace another form of the dance was presented at the Tivoli. A rumour was abroad that from "Les Danseurs Futuristes" something extremely unusual was to be expected. The very word "futuriste" suggests all sorts of fearful possibilities, and I went to the Tivoli full of doubts and apprehensions. Futurism applied to the dance by exponents from Paris may mean anything, and one was almost afraid that the hall was in danger of sacrificing its license in its efforts to keep pace with the times. But I found, to my great relief, that, while there was very little in this latest development to please, there was nothing to shock. The lady, who hails from the Café de Paris, is no great expert, and does not err on the side of lightness, nor does she improve her case by dancing with a male partner who is considerably more proficient than she is. The modern tendency to clutch and hug was very apparent, and it is impossible to believe that the style of which we are already beginning to tire to-day stands any chance of being the dance of the future.



IN THE "ROSE D'ISPAHAN" OF "COME OVER HERE"; MISS GRACE WASHBURN AS MADORA.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



IN HER ORIENTAL DRESS IN THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE'S REVUE; MISS GRACE WASHBURN AS MADORA, FAVOURITE WIFE OF THE SHAH.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



TYRE-REPAIR IN LONDON: SUNBEAMS AT MONACO: PETROL MEASURE: "DOWNING" SIGNS.

Good News for Londoners.

To the average motorist the words "tyre-repair" convey little more than something for which he has to put his hand in his pocket, and with which he is frequently less than content. That, of course, depends very largely upon the firm to which the tyre is sent for repair; but, whether ill or well performed, the methods followed to secure the result are but little known to him. As a matter of fact, the art and mystery of tyre-repair can be in part gleaned only by watching the performance of a really skilful operator. Such an opportunity was vouchsafed a few representatives of the Press the other day, by an invitation to inspect the new premises wherein the Dunlop Rubber Company have but lately installed themselves in Belsize Road, Kilburn, N.W., and there to note and watch processes, and admire the handiwork of the craftsman who, by the advent of the pneumatic tyre, has been called into being during the last quarter of a century. Although the initial purpose of this building is the solid-tyre business, a repairing plant of considerable magnitude has nevertheless been installed, in such wise that now big or little jobs of the kind, in lieu of being sent to Birmingham, can be done—and well done—in London.

Tyre Repairs par Excellence.

By the irony of fate, this huge building, which has come to-day to be a considerable factor in the locomotion of modern London, was erstwhile one of the largest of the stables possessed by the London General Omnibus Company when the omnibus motors all had four legs in lieu of four cylinders. Where the common or garden horse once neighed, champed his bit, and hammered with his iron-bound hoofs on the stone floors, nothing is now heard but the squelch of the hydraulic presses as they force the solids into immovability on the 'bus wheels, and the hiss of the escaping steam as the vulcanisers blend the new rubber into the old tyre. And at these repairing jobs the workmen are as skilled as can anywhere be found. They are conversant with the chips and cuts by keen flints and with the gashes by the broken glass too often encountered on our English roads—indeed, they have the deepest knowledge of all the ills that tyres are heir to. Their skill and practice permit them to tackle any sort of repair, and their varied knowledge tells them at once whether a repair will avail or no. If a worn and gashed cover returns from these works marked "N.G.," then its owner may content himself with the reflection that it is beyond all human skill.

Famed by Land and Sea.

Per mare, per terram is, or was, the regimental motto of the "giddy harumphrodite," who drilled with "the deck on a slew," and, by later showings, it might most reasonably be assumed by the Sunbeam Motor Company in respect to and with their very remarkable engines. All the world and his aunt are cognisant of what these engines did in L'Auto Cup and Grand Prix last year; and, this not being "enow for glory," I have just learned that

motor-boats propelled by Sunbeam engines finished first, third, and fourth in the Grand Criterium of 21 ft. boats at Monaco—a scratch event. Without in any way detracting from the glory of last year, it might almost be said that this water triumph almost equals that which, on the land, preceded it, particularly and moreover as this was the very first appearance of the Sunbeam engines on the briny stage. Those who have any acquaintance with motor-boat racing and the handling of motor-boats know well that there is no severer test of an engine than the job of propelling a racing craft through the water at high speed, for the engine is right up against its job—first, last, and all the time.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Complaints are again to the fore with regard to short measure in petrol, and having regard to the liquid silver price we have now to pay for our fuel, to give short measure in a two-gallon can, by three, three-and-a-half, one-and-a-half, and one-and-a-quarter pints, as alleged by a correspondent to the *Motor*, is nothing short of scandalous. Surely it is within the province of the Government Inspector of Weights and Measures, in addition to keeping an eye upon milkmen and others, to devote a little attention to the original purveyors of petrol, for the offence in this respect, if as alleged, is as rank as, and ranker than, that of any small tradesman. I am bound to accept the statement made by the *Motor's* correspondent, for he is a Clerk in Holy Orders, and consequently should resemble Washington in his youth. If the Government people can't or won't act, because the spirit concerned is not potable, might not the Royal Automobile Club organise a little crusade in this matter, and thereby merit, if they do not receive, further gratitude at the hands of motorists generally?



THE FIRST AIRWOMAN TO BECOME CHEVALIÈRE OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: Mlle. HÉLÈNE DUTRIEU—IN FLYING-KIT.

Mlle. Dutrieu made her first flight on a *Demolisse* belonging to M. Santos-Dumont, and is in the first rank of flyers. She has made many daring flights, and, for example, has won the *Femina* Cup twice, a cup for speed given by the King of Italy, and various prizes for duration and altitude records in America. Her countrymen well describe her when they call her a "recordwoman."

Better Ways for Bibendum's Money.

Although regret may have been expressed because the Michelin Tyre Company did not feel

disposed to down signs some two years ago, the comforting fact remains that they have been uprooting these abominations for some time past, until Bibendum has already diminished his countryside announcements by 2500, and, irrespective of anyone else's action, is still diminishing them. The money so saved is, I understand, to be applied, in future, to the reduction of the price of tyres. Already much of it must have gone in the improvement of "The Michelin Guide to the British Isles," the new issue of which is just before me, and which must be characterised right away as the most perfect and complete thing of its kind ever offered to the public. It is impossible to put a price upon it, but, nevertheless, a copy can be obtained, *gratis*, by any motorist upon application to a Michelin agent, or by the despatch of the ridiculous sum of 6d. to the Michelin Tyre Company, 81, Fulham Road, S.W. No English touring motorist's outfit is complete without it, and it is wholly complete with it—at any rate, in the very important matter of topographical literature.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE eleven umbrellas which provided the first puzzle of Miss Diana Lister's married life are matched in one way or another at every wedding. Miss Gwendolen Emmott, who marries on May 6, is likely to be overwhelmed with water-colours. To the uninspired, it seems as if the exhibition of drawings by Lady Constance Emmott at the Modern Gallery afforded just the right sort of opportunity for the purchase of wedding-presents for May 6. In one way, a duplication and reduplication of such things would be even less fortunate than the umbrellas. The umbrellas can be exchanged—or so, at least, Mrs. Percy Wyndham the Younger is told, with much solicitude, by more experienced damsels. An enterprising modern bride does not scruple to discard her duplicates; a visit to Bond Street or Regent Street to negotiate the terms of exchange is one of the first duties after the honeymoon.

"A Good Day!" The bride's visit to the goldsmith or jeweller is followed by the return call of a representative of the firm. He goes swiftly through the surplus stock, gathers together the things that are within the scope of his business, carries them off in a cab, and credits the young lady's account with their value. Let her beware of peddling her own goods. There is an old story of umbrellas that may serve as an awful warning to Mrs. Percy Wyndham. Two women boarded a 'bus at Knightsbridge; one, on getting out at Kensington High Street, took hold absent-mindedly of the umbrella of the other, which had fallen against her knee. Profuse apologies on both sides followed. Later in the day the absent-minded one decided that the time had come when all the umbrellas of her household should be attended to by the repairer. Col-

lecting an armful, she set out, but at the corner of Kensington Square "ran into the arms of the other woman. "Glad you've had a good day," was the cold greeting.

Even in the middle of politics and the Opera—in the rush of the P. and O. season—Mr. McKenna finds time for an occasional concert. The other afternoon he turned up at the Bechstein Hall for Mr. Theodore Byard's song recital—but not wholly for the joy of Mr. Byard's voice. Some of the songs had a very special interest for the Home Secretary: Mrs. McKenna composed them. She, too, was present, pleased, no doubt, by the applause which greeted her creations.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JAMES WOLFE-MURRAY TO-DAY (APRIL 30): LADY MACFARLANE.

Lady Macfarlane is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Scott Robson, of Pontefract, and the widow of Sir Donald Horne Macfarlane, who died in 1904.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MISS CLAYTON SWAN AND MR. J. TYLDEN. Miss Clayton Swan is the daughter of the Master of the Blankney. Mr. Tylden is a well-known Kentish landowner. (Photograph by Barrett.)

"Notes for Women!" said a lady who sat near by; and the ever-present detective almost made the mistake of imagining that he must take steps to maintain harmony.

The View in Grosvenor Square. On May 2 Lord and Lady Farquhar do the honours of the Tory Party in Grosvenor Square. A political reception is not a function that gives as much scope to a hostess as, say, a Derby Day dinner or a royal ball, at both of which Lady Farquhar is a great hand; but she is never despondent, and her receptions are the brightest of their kind. She has the advantage of Lady Allendale, who was good enough to undertake—the word itself is a heavy one—the duties of hostess at the Liberal Social Union's Reception at the Wharnccliffe Rooms. Lady Farquhar knows the value of backgrounds; the charm of her own reception-rooms in Grosvenor Square, with a few Party leaders skilfully displayed here and there, and with buffets in the middle distance, made her task comparatively easy.

Lady Neumann's Dance. Although Lady Neumann breaks

"the rule of the Ritz," in giving her dance at her own house, she is not breaking the rule of the road. Piccadilly is still the dancing venue, for she and Sir Sigismund have their town house at No. 146. Sir Sigismund is particularly fortunate as a householder, in and out of town. At Raynham, within easy motoring distance of York Cottage, he has shooting "fit for a king"—his Majesty has satisfied himself on that head. Cecil Lodge, Newmarket, is his; but Piccadilly, where even the clubs are finding it hard to keep a footing, he regards as, on the whole, the most

satisfactory of human habitations.

Names, Given and Taken. The common use of "Lord" and "Lady" for titles of various grades must inevitably lead to confusion. The announcement in the *Morning Post* that the Countess Beauchamp would officiate at the launching of H.M.S. *Lowestoft* was an error obviously arising out of the loose, but convenient, merging of distinctions. The lady of the launching was the wife of Sir Edward Beauchamp, Member for Lowestoft, so that her connection with the new cruiser was a local one. It is, therefore, the more interesting to remember that she herself comes from Columbus, Ohio, and counts Paul Jones chief among naval heroes.



ENGAGED TO MR. GEOFFREY GREENWOOD - PEARSON: MISS SYLVIA EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Miss Eardley-Wilmot is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir William Assheton Eardley-Wilmot, Bt., and Lady Wilmot. She was born in 1880. Her eldest brother, John, is the present—and fourth—Baronet.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY LADY MACFARLANE TO-DAY (APRIL 30): LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR J. WOLFE MURRAY. General Wolfe Murray, son of the late Mr. James Wolfe Murray, of Cringleton, was born in 1853. In 1875, he married Miss Arabella Bray, who died in 1909. He served in Ashanti in 1895; commanded lines of communication in Natal, 1899-1900; was Quartermaster-General in India, 1903-4; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1904-7; and commanded the 9th (Secunderabad) Division, India, 1907-11.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MISS JOSEPHINE REIXACH, WHOSE WEDDING TO CAPTAIN C. W. BANBURY WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 26.

Miss Reixach is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. José Reixach, of Bradford and Scarborough. Captain Charles William Banbury is in the Coldstream Guards, and is A.D.C. to the General Officer commanding the Eastern Command. (Photo. by Lallie Charles.)



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Cleopatra the Cat.

Mr. Shaw and Shakespeare differ considerably, it is clear, on the subject of Cleopatra's character, for whereas the author of "Antony and Cleopatra" makes his heroine the archetype of the *Grande Amoureuse*, the writer of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" makes of the Enchantress of the Nile a lovely little, fluffy spitfire of a kitten. Miss Gertrude Elliott has the physique, the beauty, and the charm to realise this dramatic conception, and it fits in well enough with the sixteen years of Antony's future lover. Yet the child is mother of the woman, no less than the man, and one wonders how this teasing, timorous, spiteful little person could ever grow into the wonderful but mature siren whom Plutarch and Shakespeare paint. Mr. Shaw emphasises the kitten character at every moment, and introduces us to the Queen of Egypt in the first place asleep between the paws of the great stone Cat of the Egyptian desert. And all through the play she alternately sticks out her pretty claws, arches her back, purrs, bites, spits, and circles round the great Cæsar in the coaxing, ingratiating manner peculiar to high-bred feline people. Of course, it will be argued, Persian (or Egyptian) cats may be dignified and stately, whereas kittens are not, and that the type is admirably conceived. However that may be, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," as played by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-

Robertson, is an evening's amusement which no one should miss.

The Real Leaders.

There is a hoary belief among big-game hunters that the leader of these redoubtable packs of beasts is invariably a "strong male," and now comes an authority like Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton to settle the matter on the side of the Feminists by declaring that, in his experience, it is, "as a matter of fact, an elderly female who is invariably the head of the party." This is a disquieting thought for those persons who see a design in Nature to make female things take a subordinate part. But Nature does not play the game of the partisan; she is apt to acknowledge character, merit, and ability when she sees it. Considering how few female Sovereigns there have been in history, it is astonishing what a figure these ladies have cut there, for from Elizabeth of England to Catherine of Russia, down to the late Dowager-Empress of China, they have shown themselves statesmen of the first rank. Moreover, this preponderant feminine influence is shown in

his wife's advice on political action, and has been known to let her write his speeches, you have this very British attitude synthetised in material fashion. For the fact is that the free-born Briton likes to air the theory—to other free-born Britons—that his women-kind are in strict subjection; in practice, he knows his place well enough, and is content to leave the major part of his affairs to his real leaders.

To Smoke or Not to Smoke?

A fine pother is going on as to whether the men should smoke in theatres or not—for I have never heard it suggested that the ladies should do so; and yet common-sense, not to mention the material facts, have never been brought into the question. The audience smokes in our music-halls and variety theatres, making the atmosphere of the auditorium like pale-blue gauze, but then these halls are usually huge in size and very lofty. Nothing worse results from an evening at one of these resorts than that one's clothes and hair retain, for a considerable period, an odour of tobacco. But what would happen if all the men present lighted fat cigars in a theatre like the Savoy or the Royalty? It would probably be difficult to see the actors for the smoke, and they, poor dears, would be so occupied in coughing that they would find it difficult to carry forward the play. Not that I am altogether against the pleasing opal effect of tobacco-smoke on certain spectacles. It was an open secret that part of the beautiful, dream-like effect achieved by Professor Reinhardt in "Sumurun," at the Coliseum, was due to the fact that smoking was in full blast in that vast theatre. Afterwards, at the small Savoy, where the audience and actors seem like one family party, no such beauty was achieved. But we do not want to see a modern comedy as in a glass, darkly, nor would "Twelfth Night" have been what it was—one of the most exquisite productions of our time—if it had not been all gaiety, clarity, and vivacity, tempered by a little wistful note. From the æsthetic point of view, then—putting aside all question of good manners—we ought not to permit smoking in the theatre.

The Over-estimated Pleasures of the Rich.

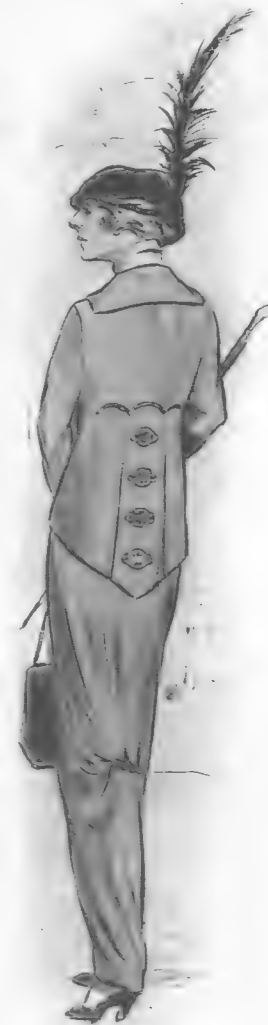
When you come to think about it candidly, given sunshine and fine weather, the Very Rich have few pleasures which those with lean purses cannot share. The greatest delight of those with land is to be out of doors all day knocking a ball about with some sort of implement. As to their other pleasures, they are grossly over-estimated. It is nowadays the fashion for rich women to drive, even in the country, only in closed limousines, which, if the pace is over forty miles an hour, produces, in the unlucky females shaken about in the back of the car, symptoms akin to those which arise on a rough Channel crossing. The giving of many parties (to those who don't have to arrange them) may seem a splendid thing, but it is not the hostess who enjoys herself most on these occasions; and of all forms of entertainment, perhaps the country-house party is the most fatiguing and entails the most responsibility if it is to be a triumphant success. As to the pleasures of the table, why, after forty-five, a millionaire must generally confine himself to mutton cutlets and what Mr. Shaw's Julius Cæsar calls for at the Feast—namely, barley-water. And the woman who wants to keep young and fit must practise a like austerity.



THE "ESCAPADE" AND THE "FLIRT",
PARISIAN WALKING-COSTUMES.

The costume "Escapade," on the left, has a fancy coat, with edgings round the revers and domed buttons of grey satin; the skirt is quite plain, except for a small satin strapping on one side attached by two buttons. The costume "Flirt," on the right, is made of mustard-coloured crêpe-de-Chine and has a belt of lemon-coloured tussore embroidered in many colours; the collar and revers are in white charmeuse; and the sleeves, which finish at the elbow, have long frills of Malines lace.

the way women of all classes are allowed to "boss" things by their men-folk. From the artisan who hands over the major part of his earnings to the "missis," to the Duke who always takes



A FAIR PEDESTRIAN.

This is a simple walking-dress of white cloth ornamented with motifs of white embroidery on black muslin.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 14.

THE MEXICAN RAILWAY REPORT.

THE Report of this Company for the second half of 1912 has just made its appearance, and confirms the good impression created by the dividend announcement.

In spite of the disturbed state of the country, the number of passengers carried increased by 109,900 to 880,000, and the goods traffic by 31,600 tons. Gross receipts were 215,800 dols. higher at 4,268,900 dols., while working expenses only increased by 101,700 dols., which leaves the ratio of expenses to receipts at exactly the same figure of 47.07 per cent. The expenditure upon maintenance and equipment absorbed two-thirds of the increased expenses, so that it is a very creditable achievement to have kept this figure unaltered. Some allowance, however, must be made for the fact that a smaller quantity of construction material was carried during the period under review.

We doubt very much whether any further reduction in working expenses can be looked for, especially as oil fuel appears to have been practically the sole fuel in use. For the first half of 1912 it represented 92 per cent. of the total, and as the cost of fuel per kilometre now shows a further reduction, it is reasonable to presume that the percentage was even larger.

News from Mexico had been of a rather more reassuring nature, and this Company's March figures were excellent; but last week advices were less satisfactory, and until the rumoured dissensions between Diaz and Huerta are settled, we are not inclined to modify the cautious attitude which we have held for some time in regard to Mexican securities.

The Mexican Railway has certainly suffered far less than its neighbours from the Revolution, but it would benefit equally from any improvement in the general position; under a stable Government its securities would stand very much higher than at present.

A TOPICAL REVUE.

We have received the following account of a new revue from a correspondent who desires to remain anonymous. He has threatened to have it sealed up and sent to the British Museum if we do not publish it. We doubt whether even that would prevent it eventually appearing somewhere or other, so we decided to publish it with apologies to all concerned:—

After many postponements the new revue at the Théâtre du Monde was produced last night, and, in spite of some defects, it was received with much applause by the distinguished audience. As is so often the case, however, the performance was marred by one or two hitches which will, no doubt, soon be rectified. For instance, when the Balkan curtain rolled up, the stage was still occupied by one of the stage hands, a certain Nicholas, who refused to budge, on the ground that he hadn't had his wages. Although we admitted his grievance, nobody was sorry when he was removed by the combined efforts of the management and his own friends.

Commère and Compère were represented by Miss Lind-af-Hageby and Sir Frederick Banbury, who persisted in talking throughout the performance. We soon got used to it.

The opening chorus of Rand magnates putting their heads together (as near as they could) scored a distinct hit, and concluded with a harmonious rendering of the ancient rag-time ditty, "Come and Buy Our Rand-Mine Shares."

Percival Farquhar next appeared with his wonderful Brazilian links. "Positively join 'emselfes together, gentlemen," he said; but, unfortunately, it was a little more than he could manage last night, and something stuck. We have no doubt he will make a success of it in the future.

Sir Thomas Skinner and Raymond Radclyffe next sang duets. They got a little mixed and sang in different keys, but in the final song, entitled "Sheffield 'A.' and 'B.'" they really got together.

During the interval the orchestra of stockbrokers rendered selections under the direction of Mr. Charles Duguid, with whom they seemed to have the pleasantest relations.

Lampard the optimist fell rather flat, as did the rendering by Edmund Davis and the "Eldorado" Chorus, of a song entitled, "Cablegrams are better late than never"; but Sir William Mackenzie's humorous patter, in which he declared that the Canadian Northern did not want any more money, was received with roars of laughter by the whole house. After various turns, too numerous to mention, came the Grand Finale: "The Borrowers of the World Come to London and Paris." The stage was crowded, and it was impossible to distinguish more than a few of the leading characters. Japan came in for special notice, as it was "absolutely her last appearance"; while China rushed about wildly before finding her position. Canadian cities and villages were well represented—their sleeves bulging with requirements that they didn't care to reveal. Louisiana introduced the comic element, trying to push into the procession, but was quickly squashed.

On the Bioscope we were treated to a conversation between Messrs. Asquith, Lloyd George, and Rufus Isaacs. The management stated that this was the only way in which they dared to reproduce it!

SHELLS.

We have on many occasions expressed the view that Shell Transport and Trading Company shares are by far the soundest purchase for anyone desiring to take an interest in the Oil Market, and we are still of the same opinion, in spite of the steady advance in the price of the shares.

Quite recently the directors have extended their operations in various directions by the acquisition of large interests in the Schibaieff, North Caucasian, and Trinidad Oilfields Companies, and in each case they appear to have secured very favourable terms—at all events, this seems to have been the general market view, judging from the effect the announcements of the actual terms had upon the quotations for the securities of these three Companies.

The Schibaieff deal was particularly favourable, and the refinery, which is one of the best at Baku, should be very valuable for dealing with the Russian and Continental trade.

These three deals have, of course, necessitated very considerable financing, and we believe that an increase of capital is likely to be announced before very long. Judging from past experience, this should mean a substantial bonus to shareholders, although nothing is known as to the price at which the new issue will be offered.

Taking everything into consideration, we are surprised that the quotation for the shares has not advanced to a greater extent than is actually the case, and we advise shareholders to retain their interests for the present, at any rate.

MISCELLANEA.

Three weeks ago we pointed out that holders of Guayaquil and Quito Bonds would probably get a back coupon paid before long, and it is now announced that Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co. are prepared to pay Coupon No. 24 (due Jan. 2, 1911) on and after May 2. The last remittance was about £9000 in excess of the amount required to pay this coupon, and we look for another coupon to be liquidated in the autumn.

The directors of the Globe and Phoenix Company are clearly still a little nervous as to the outcome of the hostility of a large body of shareholders. For the sake of the Company, we hope the dissensions will be finally settled one way or the other before long. This may well be the case by the time these lines appear. We cannot help thinking the directors would have been wise to draw their remuneration for 1912 at the reduced rate to which they have agreed for the future instead of the full £15,000.

We have on a previous occasion drawn attention to Spratt's 4 per cent. Debentures, now quoted at 97. This is a perfectly ridiculous price in view of the fact that they are definitely redeemable at par in July of next year. There does not appear to be any risk at all attached to a purchase. There are £83,000 Debentures outstanding, the interest on which is being earned twelve times over, and the balance-sheet reveals a very strong position.

Still the new issues come, and the rush seems more likely to increase than to abate. The Chinese loan is practically settled at last, and a big Brazilian loan will appear very shortly. The public seem more inclined to take an interest in anything offering 5 per cent., but issues of trustee and kindred securities are still neglected—as witness the result of the Madras and Southern Mahratta issue, when the underwriters got 90 per cent.

Copper dropped slightly in price last week, although the general market sentiment on the metal exchange continues bullish. This opinion, however, is not held unanimously, and we think a cautious attitude would be well advised. We do not say that copper may not be manipulated to a higher figure, but unless the trade boom continues unabated or producers restrict their output, we think the tendency of the market during the next few months is likely to be downward.

A correspondent has written asking whether it is true that if a holder of Russian Bonds does not notice that some of his numbers have been drawn for redemption, and continues to present his coupons, these coupons are paid out of capital. This, unfortunately, is quite correct, and it behoves holders of such Bonds to make careful arrangements with bankers or brokers to notify them if any of their numbers are drawn.

ARAUCO

"Q" sends us the following note, dated April 21, 1913—

Arauco shares are quoted 12½-¾, in which price is included the dividend for the year of 20s., so that after allowing for the deduction of the dividend,

[Continued on page 128.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Opera and the Season.

There is a great affinity between the two—either it is smart to love opera, or opera-lovers are by nature smart: the result is that for very large and beautifully turned-out audiences the Opera House, from April until July, leads the way. Last week was devoted to German works—the period, considered from the dressy point of view, the least admirable. Yet when, on the first night, the house was lighted for the interval after the second act—it was by no means full for the first, which commenced at 7.30—a really exhilarating scene was disclosed. The head-dresses were varied and lovely; even a series of tall white antennæ that rose from a rosette and band of pink velvet, and waved in every lightest zephyr, looked well, if bizarre, with its wearer's pretty face beneath. Princess Patricia of Connaught looked like a Lely picture in white, with a diamond drop in the centre of her hair-parting, just touching her broad white brow. Lady Hilda Murray, who was in the Royal Box with the Duke of Connaught and his daughter, looked very picturesque with just an aigrette in her prettily dressed hair. Major Murray and Miss Adams were in attendance. Mrs. George West, who was with her younger son, Mr. John Churchill, in the Marchioness of Ripon's box, had a diamond ornament in her dark hair. Lady Cheylesmore, in white, looked well; and so did Lady Limerick, who is not only a music-lover, but also a clever executant. The stalls were studded with brilliant colour, appearing in dress and head-dress. It was, socially speaking, a fine start; dressily speaking, a very fine sight!

For Use and Beauty.

In these days of much present and prize giving, I am inclined to think that the useful and practical is sometimes neglected. Such a noted firm as Mappin and Webb's lay themselves out to make the useful beautiful, and, whether at 158, Oxford Street, 220, Regent Street, or 2, Queen Victoria Street, this is always delightfully demonstrated. For the purpose of presents, let me suggest a look-round the wonderfully complete Prince's Plate department. Useful, practical things in solid silver are too costly for ordinary presents. Prince's Plate lasts a lifetime, and looks well during it. There is an asparagus-dish with a rack and a sauce-boat. The two latter can be removed, and there is left a charming, square, double-handled tray for coffee when the succulent vegetable



MISS VIOLET GRINNELL-MILNE AND CAPTAIN HARRY STURGIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 28TH AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

Miss Grinnell-Milne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Grinnell-Milne, of 23, Ennismore Gardens. Captain Sturgis, who is in the Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Sturgis, of Givons, Leatherhead. [Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Langlier.]

has retired from our tables for the year. A dish modelled on a gardener's basket also serves a double purpose—for asparagus in its season; for bread or cake or cheese-straws at other times. Then, for hors d'œuvres, there is a little square stand on which are six glass dishes. It is quite small—apparently just two glass dishes, containing, say, olives and sardines. These draw out, and, the case expanding, the half-dozen dishes become visible, all filled with delicate appetisers. It is a really clever affair. For a wedding-present, what more suitable than the neatest and prettiest stand, on which are two coffee-cups, sugar-basin and hot-milk jug, coffee-pot, stand for cigarettes, ash-tray and lighter, sugar-tongs and spoons? Spoons and forks in a special and a very pretty design are being offered at very special prices—from, in fact, twenty-five shillings a dozen. There is a rack for asparagus which can be placed in any oblong dish; there are table-dishes, flower and fern-pot stands, entrée-dishes, tea-kettles—everything, in fact, useful and beautiful for house

use and beauty, and at prices suitable for all.

Daytime Decolleté.

There are some forms of fashion in which youth has its sway, and puts into the shade those from whose lives its pristine freshness has departed. The wide, low collar showing the white, firm neck with the rounded chin, and the young, fresh face above—how alluring it is! The open dress showing the equally white neck, equally firm, rounded chin, but the face marked by experience above—how unattractive it seems, how like the "rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter"! It calls out for the light behind, and that an artificial light. No, only youth—genuine, fresh, sweet youth—with its face unlined, its eyes bright with hope and joy, its head held high from unconquered spirit, can wisely indulge in low, loose collars in the searching light of day. Ladies of experience in this world's ways adopting decolleté fashions are so very obviously the possibly youthful sheep, but not the lambs, that I think such fashions will be very little followed. It may be that the wish is father to the thought.

Case for Calligraphy.

In early-Victorian days handwriting was an accomplishment, like piano-playing. Both are now being bowed politely out by mechanical methods. Still, handwriting is esteemed as a characteristic thing, and it has occurred to the ever-enterprising proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap to start a handwriting competition for ladies, gentlemen, and children.

For the first, there are first prizes of £10 10s.; five prizes of £2 2s.; and ten of £1 1s. For children up to twelve years old: first prize, £2 2s.; five of £1 1s.; and ten of 10s. 6d. For children from twelve to sixteen: first prize, £3 3s.; five of £1 1s.; and ten of 10s. 6d. A verse is to be written on a sheet of paper having the writer's name and address at the top left-hand corner, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. As many attempts as desired may be made, provided that each is accompanied by an outside wrapper of Wright's Coal

Tar Soap, sold everywhere for 4d. a tablet. The last day for receiving replies is May 31, and the result will be announced in the *Daily Mail* of June 30. Replies must be enclosed in an envelope, with "Hand-

writing" on the top, and addressed, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

The verse to be written is—

Learning is good, it makes you wise—

And wisdom makes you wealthy;

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is better still,

Because it keeps you healthy.

To the skilful, careful wielder of the pen of the good writer, here is a chance indeed!

"Nisbet's Golf Year-Book" for 1913 appears with the name of a new editor—Mr. Vyvyan G. Harmsworth—on the title-page, instead of Mr. John L. Low. Otherwise, there is no change in the plan of this useful book of reference. It contains the usual features—the club directory, biographical lists, etc.—brought up to date, together with a number of maps and portraits. Mr. Ernest Lehmann writes the introduction on "Golf of the Year."



ENGAGED TO MR. CALMADY-HAMLYN: MISS GRACE BARING-GOULD.

Photograph by Hawke.



ONE OF TWO SISTERS THE BRIDES OF TWO BROTHERS: MISS FREDA HOPE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JEROME KENNEDY WAS FIXED FOR THE 26TH AT THE BROMPTON ORATORY.

Photograph by Rita Martin



ONE OF TWO SISTERS THE BRIDES OF TWO BROTHERS: MISS GWEN HOPE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ERNEST KENNEDY WAS FIXED FOR THE 26TH AT THE BROMPTON ORATORY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

[Continued from page 126.]

the return is no less than £8 14s. per cent.—an extraordinarily high return for a Foreign Railway share. From the statements made at the annual meeting, held this afternoon, it is clear that a maintenance of this rate of dividend may be looked for, and the shares are therefore certainly a cheap and promising investment. It should be remembered that, besides paying 20s. per share in dividend, the equivalent of a further 10s. per share was laid aside from last year's profits to a fund for the equalisation of dividends, so that the 10 per cent. could be maintained even if profits should largely diminish, which is at present improbable. The question of the payment of an interim dividend is to be left to the shareholders to decide, and no doubt many shareholders will be in favour of this course. Last year, when these shares were at 8½, I expressed the opinion that they might be expected on immediate prospects to go over £12. I think that a further rise to £14 is by no means improbable.

KENT COAL.

Last week we gave some particulars of the Snowdon and Tilmanstone Collieries, and there are one or two other concerns which are worth notice.

The East Kent Light Railways Company already connects the Tilmanstone and Guilford Collieries with the main line to London and Dover, and extensions are being pushed forward to the Wingham and Stour Valley and Woodnesborough Collieries, which should be reached very shortly. The Tilmanstone pit should be producing something like 1000 tons a day by the end of the year, and developments at the Guilford Colliery are not very far behind.

At the Wingham and Stour and Woodnesborough Collieries the surface plant is almost completed, and sinking will be commenced as soon as the connection with the railway is established, and it is hoped that both shafts will be in the coal some time next year.

The output of these four collieries will all have to be handled by the East Kent Light Railways, which should ensure substantial traffic receipts.

The capital of the Company is £440,000 in £1 shares, and the directors have power to issue 5 per cent. Debentures up to half this amount. We understand that 5 per cent. dividends will be paid until the line is completed and being worked by the Company itself, so the shares do not look overpriced at their present quotation of a little over par.

We should like to point out, however, with reference both to this and last week's notes, that we see little attraction for anyone to try and make quick profits out of any Kent Coal shares. We only suggest that to lock some away for twelve months or so should turn out a profitable speculation.

MAPPIN AND WEBB.

Ever since its formation, in 1908, this Company has made continuous progress, and the Report which has just been issued shows that 1912 was no exception.

The gross profits increased from the 1911 figure of £75,257 to £84,650, and the directors are thus enabled to increase the Ordinary dividend from 9 per cent. to 10 per cent., to increase the allocation to reserve by £2000 to £14,000; and also, we are glad to see, to commence to write down the item of goodwill, which received £5000.

For some time past the Company have been extending their operations by means of subsidiaries abroad; and we understand these have been a complete success. The directors are now asking for power to make a fresh issue of capital in order to deal with these and other developments of the business; and although they do not propose to make any immediate issue, they state that the shareholders will receive preferential allotment whenever they decide to do so.

Saturday, April 26, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

EDDIE (Newcastle).—If you send your name and address as an evidence of good faith (not for publication), we will answer next week.

B. J. K.—We do not think it is anything unusual for transactions to be missed—and you need not doubt its *bona fides* on that account.

D. C.—(1) The new San Paulo loan; (2) Chilean Northern Railway Debentures; (3) Great Northern Preferred; (4) Argentine Government 1910 or 1913 loans; (5) New York Telephone First Mortgage Bonds.

SPERO.—A fair Oil speculation. No dividends.

PATIENCE.—We like (1) and (4) best; the others you can hold for the present, but you should take advantage of any activity in that market to clear out.

BACHELOR.—The following seem to be about the pick of the investments of the class you name: (1) Egyptian Salt and Soda Ordinary; (2) J. Sears, 7 per cent. Preference; (3) Holbrooks Ordinary.

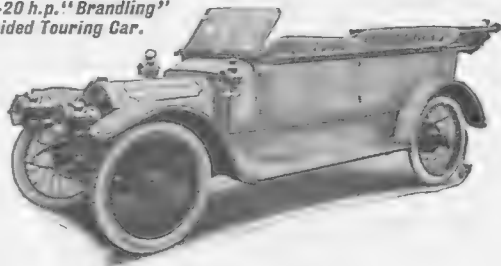
V. C. D. (India).—The shares have been a disappointment, but the general market opinion is now more favourable. We cannot speak with certainty as to working costs, but some reduction seems probable.

PHENIX.—San Paulo Treasury Bonds; Baku 5 per cent.; Arauco First Debentures should suit. See also answer to D. C. above.

C. J. D.—The loan only amounted to £1,300,000 when allowance is made for the amount of old stock converted and the million taken firm as stated in the prospectus. The free part was subscribed ten times over, and you got the same proportion as other people.

SOLDIER.—See this week's Notes.

The 15-20 h.p. "Branding"
flush-sided Touring Car.



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It depends absolutely upon the strength and dependability of the car you drive. Constructed throughout at the Elswick Works of the famous steels made and used for Dreadnoughts and Cruisers, the Armstrong-Whitworth Chassis is built to withstand the most severe strain to which motor cars can be put in daily use. Our experience of 47 years of mechanical construction has evolved a motor-car dependable under all circumstances.

The car illustrated is the 15-20 h.p. model—one of the most popular of all Armstrong-Whitworth models. Before buying any car, you should test the many outstanding features of the 15-20 Armstrong-Whitworth. Take a trial run in it. Experience its delightful smooth-running qualities—its wonderful running efficiency—its powers of quick acceleration and of hill-climbing. Write for a copy of our descriptive booklet, and say at what time it will be convenient for you to take a run. It places you under no obligation. It is part of our policy to demonstrate all that we claim. Write now and fix the appointment.

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too much business, too little exercise, hurried meals, unsuitable food, impaired digestion, digestive derangement, malnutrition, breakdown! Then it is rest and Benger's Food.

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"THE MODERN EYE" TREATMENT.

Another Triumph of "Beauty Lore."



FIG. 1.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

*Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd
down the whole.*
BYRON.

"The Modern Eye" is a phrase made famous in British political life by Mr. Winston Churchill. The Modern Eye Treatment to bring about the enhancement of the beauty of the eyes by scientific modification of their shape has become famous in Great Britain through the progressive enterprise of Mme. Helena Rubinstein.

The great Italian professor of psychiatry, Cesare Lombroso, said in one of his fascinating lectures: "I knew men with whom nothing was more difficult to accomplish than a quicker pulse-rate, that is, a more rapid action of the heart. They could climb the highest mountain peaks; take the boldest break-neck leaps; run the most exhausting foot-races; consume as many stimulants as they liked; and yet the beat of their pulse would remain even, undisturbed. But let these same men meet the glance of the mildest, softest eye of a woman, and their heart will begin to throb and to 'thump' till all the blood finds itself forced to the face and brain."

It is a curious phenomenon, this influence of a woman's eye.

When we endeavour to discover what type of eyes has exercised an inspiring influence on the world's greatest poets, we come upon radical differences and preferences as to colour and expression. One has been moved by "mild magnificent eyes," another by "soft black eyes," still others by "glittering eyes," or by a "beaming eye"; but one would look in vain for any who were inspired by small or narrow eyes. We read of "large blue eyes," of "large sloe-black eyes," of "large musing eyes," of "large grey eyes," and in the above quotation from Byron, "the handsome eyes" were "large and dark."



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

Eyes Before Treatment.



Eyes Modified by Treatment.

FIG. 4.

One is, therefore, justified in concluding that whatever may be individual preferences as to colour and expression, the truly beautiful eye must be a large one.

The phenomenal facial modifications by which the practice of her Maisons de Beauté Valaze in Paris and London have been enriched recently include, amongst other examples of modern scientific "beauty treatments," the wonderful method of widening or enlarging the eyes, by which a small, narrow, unattractive, repellant eye gains *permanently* in beauty of line and expression, in sweetness, splendour, openness. The astonishing difference which this modification actually produces in point of beauty and charm can only be indistinctly pictured by the illustrations presented on this page. They are, however, sufficient to indicate its possibilities. And in that sense they speak for themselves.

A clever hand combined with a truly artistic endowment are among the important requisites which an operator must possess to accomplish this beautifying eye modification, and the gifted Viennese medical specialist whom Mme. Rubinstein has chosen for his unequalled experience and skill, and whom she entrusts exclusively with its practice, possesses the necessary attributes to perfection.

Mme. Rubinstein will with pleasure supply full information at her establishment, No. 24, Grafton Street, London, W. (Paris Address: 255, Rue St. Honoré), on the subject of this latest achievement in beauty cultivation.

Performed equally by medical specialists of Continental qualifications on Mme. Rubinstein's staff, are other scientific methods practised at her Maisons de Beauté Valaze, such as the removal of wrinkles in from one to three sittings, of crowsfeet, of bagginess of the skin under the eyes and of the eyelids; of pendulous aspect or looseness of the skin of the cheeks and under the chin; the correction of the entire facial contour or only of the extreme prominence of the nose by reducing or removing its aquiline appearance; and of taking up drooping mouth corners. The treatment of redness of the nose and cheeks, and of the tiny congested blood-vessels, and a method of refining a coarse, open-pored skin, as well as a general rejuvenation of the hair, are equally amongst the daily practised specialities.

Thus the scope of "Nature's tyranny" finds its limits narrowed day by day.

When one reflects on the continued efforts and resulting success which are to the credit of Mme. Rubinstein in her work of producing, preserving, and restoring facial beauty, one feels impelled to apply to her the classic words of Dr. Johnson: *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* (She touched nothing that she did not embellish.)



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*Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.**Copyright. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.*

THOMAS CARLYLE

This Picture is the Fifth of a Series of colored Portraits of Famous Scots published by
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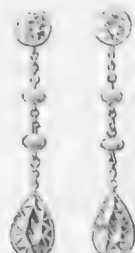
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the reason of the keen appreciation of Cigar Connoisseurs.
"FLOR DE DINDIGULS" are the result of a careful
blending of the finest Indian and other choice Foreign
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Refined flavour, delicate fragrance, delightfully cool,
and even smoking—these are the qualities of the "FLOR
DE DINDIGUL" Cigars which make them the special
favourites of discriminating smokers.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS, 3d. each (5 for 1/1), 10/3 per box of 50.
EXTRA, extra choice, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50.
CIGARETTES, all tobacco leaf, no paper, a most
gratifying smoke, 1d. each, 8/4 per box of 100.



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Since the year 1909 no Reliability Trials, to allow the public to judge by certified results, have been held in United Kingdom.

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We shall then secure your order.

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Daily Graphic, 15/10/12.

"In one outstanding and exceedingly important point the *Straker-Squire* stands alone. The Makers have produced a Motor which is *absolutely free from vibration* or 'crash' at any speed when the Car is driving on the open road.

The engine of the *Straker-Squire* might be *bedded in granite* for all the vibration set up by it. It is beautifully quiet, and it is seldom indeed that the changing from top is called for.

The driving of the car is simplicity itself. As a Hill-Climber the *Straker-Squire* would be *hard to beat*.

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—*The Globe*, April 9th, 1913.

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"It is almost generally recognised as the best car of its type upon the market."—*Daily Express*.

"A most remarkable Car."—*The Sphere*.

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There was a time, some twenty or thirty years ago—and how remote it seems now—when it was quite the fashion to spend one's holidays on a driving tour, either in a dogcart for two or in a small waggonette with the family aboard. And if one managed to cover thirty miles or so in the day, one was tolerably pleased, and felt a certain glow of satisfaction at having crossed a county without the aid of the railway. How different to-day! The car pulls up at the door after breakfast, and luncheon is taken 100 miles away. Our tight little island has shrunk so much since the perfection of the motor-car that if the motorist desires to lay his head in this or that county before nightfall there is none to say him nay—except the tyres. Inferior tyres will wreck the most promising trip. Vain the craft of the engineer if the tyres prove faulty.

Ensure undiluted pleasure and care-free travel by fitting the famous

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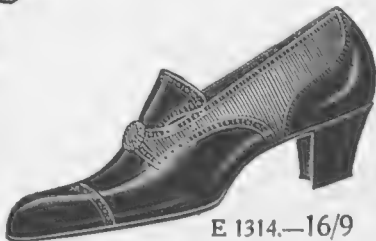
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A remarkable interview with Mlle. Merlain, the reigning Parisian beauty, who became famous in a single night. She generously reveals her secret for the first time to *Sketch* Readers.

By Mlle. ADRIENNE LACOUVIER.

In all my career as a newspaper writer, I never received an assignment with greater pleasure than that which instructed me to obtain an interview with Mlle. Merlain during her stay in London, and learn if possible the secret of the marvellous transformation she has recently wrought in her

is the contrast between this former pitiable state and the picture of superb and fascinating womanhood she now presents!

Although the method she used is extremely simple, to describe it here in full detail would somewhat overrun the space allowed me for this article,



appearance. I therefore sought her address, intent upon viewing with my own eyes the wondrous form which newspapers have so widely proclaimed to be a "symphony in curves," and exact modern counterpart of the classical Venus. For who could better advise her less favoured sisters than the possessor of the figure that startled even blasé Paris by its flawless perfection, and which has made her the sensation of the season at the French capital!

Mlle. Merlain received me with gracious cordiality, and there was about her that indefinable air of distinction and dignity which we unconsciously associate with perfect physical development and the magnetic charm that always accompanies it. I easily recognised Mlle. Merlain from her pictures in the illustrated papers, but no mere photograph could do justice to her wonderful symmetry of form and unconscious grace, nor could any camera portray the marvellous natural beauty of her complexion, the sparkling eyes, and fascinating personality, all forming the perfect embodiment of ravishing feminine charm and irresistible attractiveness.

On learning the object of my visit, Mlle. Merlain kindly explained the exact nature of the process whereby she was able to obtain her perfect form and which developed her bust six inches in a single month, although for many years previously she had a flat, scraggy chest and a soft, flabby, absolutely undeveloped bust. She eloquently described the intense humiliation she once felt, her fear of appearing in evening dress, how men even seemed to shun her as a woman of almost masculine appearance, devoid of all feminine physical attraction. How marked

but Mlle. Merlain explained that, owing to the wide publicity she has recently received through newspaper and magazine articles, a perfect deluge of requests for information had descended upon her. Many of the inquiries are from her acquaintances, but to personally write and answer every one satisfactorily would be quite impossible, so Mlle. Merlain hit upon the clever plan of fully describing her method in a small booklet. A limited number of these attractive booklets, the first to be printed, had just arrived, and she kindly presented me with a copy. Also, after much persuasion, I was fortunately able to arrange with Mlle. Merlain to send one of these booklets, while they last, absolutely free of cost to any readers sufficiently interested to write her and enclose the following coupon, as this offer is made for the special benefit of *Sketch* readers only.

I might add that Mlle. Merlain is not in business and has nothing whatever to sell, so it will be plain that her generous offer is prompted only by a wholly unselfish desire to show her gratitude for all she has benefited by her wonderful discovery. The method is entirely new and radically different from anything ever before used by the public, involving as it does no appliances or apparatus, nothing to wear, no dangerous drugs, heavy expenses, hot or vapour baths, nor anything weakening, unpleasant, or inconvenient. It will be necessary to write promptly, however, as Mlle. Merlain has but a few hundred of the books, and owing to the work and trouble involved, she cannot agree to answer inquiries after present supply is exhausted.

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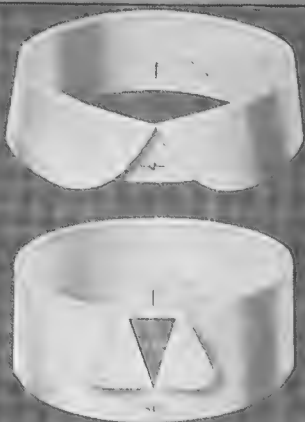
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

"OBERST CHABERT."

THAT a young man hitherto unknown in England should command a night in the first week of Opera's Grand Season at Covent Garden is surely an occurrence without precedent: it suggests that such a young man must be either supremely talented or very lucky, or both. Unfortunately, the problem is left unsolved by the first performance of his opera, which certainly reveals great gifts, but leaves us doubting whether von Waltershausen is a very capable musician with a quick sense of the theatre, or a clever dramatist who chances to have at his command a complete technical knowledge of music and a quick sense of orchestral matters. In the end we incline to the latter view. Of its kind, "Oberst Chabert" makes a good play, though the forces that move the characters are not very strong or very deep; the drama is stronger than the music, and yet it is impossible not to see how the orchestral comment on the situation helps the story along.

Following in part Balzac's story, "La Comtesse à deux Maris," but robbing it of its more subtle emotions, the opera tells of Colonel Chabert, an old soldier who, some time about 1817, returns home from the wars to find all proof of his own identity lost—his wife married to another man, and the mother of the man's two children. He consults the lawyer Derville, who brings Chabert and Rosine face to face. The wife denies, the husband protests, and the lawyer's clerk, formerly a sergeant in the Colonel's regiment, recognises Chabert. In the second act the position of the wife becomes more difficult: the man she married during Chabert's absence gives her up. In the third act she pleads with her husband, explains, entreats, repels, and then tries to take poison, which he wrests from her. Finally, conscious that life holds nothing good for him, Chabert commits suicide, and Rosine, recovering her poison from the dead man's pocket, follows suit.

The movement is rapid and the opera is short: with the aid of considerable intervals it requires less than two hours and-a-half. There are but six characters, and of these one is well-nigh superfluous. The second and third act require but a single setting. All these things are important and very satisfactory to the management of an opera house. It is not surprising that, in the two years since its first production, the opera has been heard all over Germany. But it is surprising to find how the German audiences have been content to accept an opera for the sake of its story, and to be content with a minimum of vocal writing. Von Waltershausen has been influenced to no small degree by Wagner, but his sources of inspiration do not stop here. He is extremely modern, so modern

at times that the ear receives such an impression as the eye gets from the work of a very able juggler. Yet if there are moments when the composer seems to recall the famous operatic heroine who "speaks but nothing says," there are brief moments when the music is really beautiful. From such a composer as von Waltershausen, a quintet savours of the unexpected, but the quintet he has introduced, one might almost say dragged, into the second act of "Oberst Chabert" is second to nothing in the opera for the skill with which it is written or the musical thought it enshrines. Chabert's recitals of his troubles are finely rendered in terms of music, albeit with the curious detachment that is the mark of the modern composer, who seeks but to express his view of the story the libretto holds, and likes, in fact, to stand a little apart from it. Your modern is ever a psychologist, even if, as in the case of von Waltershausen, he be an indifferent one; and to such a man, lyrical rapture is either banned and barred or is regarded as an ingredient to be used but sparingly. Even in the last act, where Rosine pleads with her arms round her children, the composer refuses to rise to the full height of the occasion. He is never enamoured of the one female figure his opera holds; his best music, outside the quintet, is written for Colonel Chabert, in this case, Herr Rudolf Hofbauer, whose acting was at its best in the opening act.

There is no reason to believe that "Oberst Chabert" will be heard often at Covent Garden. English audiences and the cosmopolitan gathering that comes to the aid of Grand Season insist upon music written for the voice and not independent of it. The modern audience may have passed the season of love for what is melody and nothing else, but has not reached the stage at which it can dispense with sustained melody altogether; and this, to all intents and purposes, is what von Waltershausen asks it to do, though he shows more than once that he has the power, if he had the will, to write delightfully in the lyrical vein.

Considering the date of production, and the inevitable strain of the "Ring" performances upon the orchestra, the rendering was satisfactory, though it is clear that it would have been the better for more rehearsals. Fräulein Perard-Petzl did not realise all that was in the part of Rosine. She seemed to have the necessary equipment, but failed again and again to use it to full advantage. Dr. Rottenberg, at the conductor's-desk, worked with tremendous energy and zeal, but could not attain the point at which an audience passes from interest to enthusiasm. Probably the lack of response from the house was due to the fact that it was offered what it did not expect—an opera in which the dramatic interest subordinates everything else, and constantly makes the music appear of small account.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Future Wife of King Manuel; Sisters as Beaux and Belles; Mr. W. J. Burns Filmed; History Repeats Itself; the Watch Bracelet; Society at the Punchestown Races; Controllers of the Ship of State; Three "Yellow Jacket" Characters; "Come Over Here"; G. G. Napoleon on his Gee-Gee; "Hitchy-Koo" Expressions of Lew Hearn.

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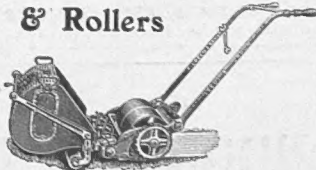
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Starting up in Gear!

The terrible accident recorded from Paris the other day, whereby the two little children and nurse of a celebrated dancer lost their lives, is, in the present method of starting up motor-car engines by the starting-handle, likely to occur to anyone, though not, let us hope, with such deplorable results. I make bold to say that there are very, very few motorists indeed who have not, at some time or another, inadvertently left in one or other of their speeds, and then tried to start up their engine. Happily, the mistake is generally detected before the engine has been turned over at once—if, indeed, it can be turned over at all. But that this can be done, and the engine started with the car in gear, is proved by the lamentable occurrence above referred to, as it once happened to poor Mr. Rolls in his very early motoring days. In his case, the car knocked him down and passed right over him—luckily, without injuring him in any way. There are two or three devices upon the market which have been designed to prevent such untoward happenings, and this unhappy French catastrophe will surely see them once more put to the front.

The New 12-20-h.p. Benz.

The cars which emanate from the old-established works of Messrs. Benz and Co. are so well known, and are held in such high favour amongst motorists in this country, that much interest is certain to be taken by prospective Benz purchasers or others in any new type of these cars which is put upon the market. It is certain, then, that the 12-20-h.p. Benz will meet the requirements of many intending motorists. The four-cylinder engine is a fine, clean, *en bloc* casting, with cylinders 72 mm. bore and 120 mm. stroke, a proportion of bore to stroke which makes for good hill-climbing powers. Silent chain-drive is applied to the distribution-gear, and an Eise-mann magneto is used, most accessibly placed and easily detached. The valves are enclosed, and thermo-syphon cooling with short leads of large diameter is adopted. Much thought has been given to the question of lubrication, which is forced by a direct-acting pump to the crank-shaft bearings and big ends. The clutch is of the leather-faced, coned type, with springs beneath the leather, and a most effective and commonsense clutch-brake is fitted. This should make for the silent changing of the four speeds. From front to rear, the chassis is undoubtedly a sound, well-considered, up-to-date engineering job.

Ousting the Back-Breaker.

The inventor has not been idle in devising means by which the tyre-plagued motorist can shirk the back-breaking job of inflating a tyre by means of an ordinary inflator. With power ready to hand in

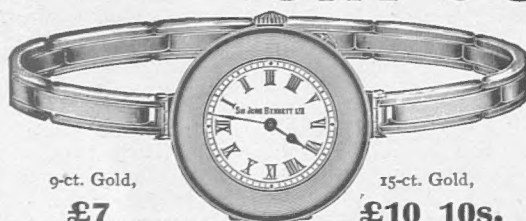
the shape of a very willing motor, it would seem the height of absurdity that the human man should expend his muscular energy in such monotonous labour. Few makers or designers, however, appear to have borne the matter in mind—or, if they have, they have looked askance at the added complication and cost. So, failing an embodiment with the engine, comes that most ingeniously devised apparatus, the Atlas Impulse Tyre Pump, regarding which an R.A.C. certificate of test is to hand. The Atlas device can be readily and quickly fitted to any engine, and in the case under review it was attached to a 20-h.p. Bianchi, and used to inflate 815 mm. by 105 mm. tyres. The pump was put into operation twice, without using any tools, in 32 sec. and 28 sec. respectively, and two tyres of the size named were inflated to a pressure of 66 lb. per square inch in 2 min. 50 sec. and 3 min. 21 sec. each, with the engine running at 640 revolutions per minute.

A Race Notwithstanding—

According to the Royal Automobile Club, there is, willy nilly, to be held an international race for the 1913 Tourist Trophy, open to stock cars, on September 25, in the Isle of Man. The distance of the race is to be about three hundred miles, and the engine dimensions are to be limited by the cubic capacity (volume swept) of an engine of 90 mm. (3.543 in.) bore and 140 mm. (5.512 in.) stroke. This means a cubical content of 3563 cubic centimetres. The weight of the car must not be under 2000 lb., and that weight is the weight of the car ready for the race, with driver and mechanic up, and all oil, fuel, water, tools, and spares on board. The only regulation in the conditions as now to hand which differs from those published earlier in the year is No. 4, which limits the engine-dimensions. The increases in bore and stroke are greatly to be commended, and it is just on the cards that, had these dimensions been adopted originally, there would have been little or no opposition from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Now that the R.A.C. has definitely decided to offer, if not to hold, a race, it will be interesting to note the attitude which the Society will assume, and what proportion of the makers will go "agin the Government" if the race is again vetoed.

"The Motor Manual" (Temple Press), of which a new and revised edition, the sixteenth, has just appeared, is a most useful little compendium of the technicalities of the craft, both for motorists themselves and those concerned with the literature of the subject. The book was compiled and illustrated by the staff of the *Motor*, and is sold at 1s. 6d. net. The illustrations, of which there are one hundred new ones, consist of a large number of clear and excellent diagrams.

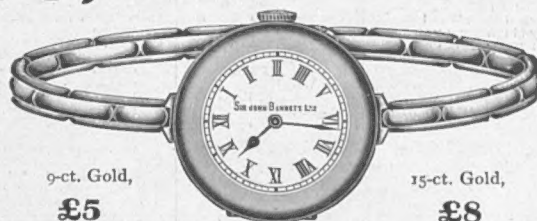
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